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✓
THE CHORUS;

OR, A COLLECTION

OF CHORUSES AND HYMNS.

SELECTED AND ORIGINAL.

**ADAPTED ESPECIALLY TO THE CLASS-ROOM, AND TO MEETINGS
FOR PRAYER AND CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE.**

✓
COMPILED BY A. S. JENKS, AND D. GILKEY.

SEVENTH EDITION:

IMPROVED AND ENLARGED.

**PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY A. S. JENKS.
1858.**

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P R E F A C E .



THIS little work seeks no place in the higher departments of sacred song. Its design is, in the first place, to contribute something towards rescuing the popular melodies of our time from general profanation, and consecrating them to the service of God ; and, secondly, to aid the devotions of plain Christian people, who make no pretensions to a highly cultivated taste, either in poetry or music, but who seek rather the simple and pathetic, than the artistic and elaborate. It does not therefore hold itself amenable to the censure of the critic.

The hope is indulged however, that, while the humblest will find here much to quicken his devotions and enliven his Christian joy, even to the most cultivated it will not be wholly devoid of the means of spiritual improvement.

It is adapted especially to the Social Meetings of Christian people—to the Meetings for Prayer and Christian Conference—to the Love-Feast and the Class Room; and, it is sincerely hoped, to all those who delight to worship God in “psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs,” THE CHORUS will not be without advantage as an aid to them in “singing and making melody in their hearts unto the Lord.”

PHILADELPHIA, *January*, 1858.

INTRODUCTION.



“WHY should Satan have the best tunes?” was oft the language of the Wesleys, Whitfield, and many other champions of the cross. Many persons are aware of the almost omnipotent influence of national ballads on national morals, and thus on the formation of national character. Hence said a daring sinner, “I care not a straw who makes the laws of nations, if I may but make the ballads.” The first race of Methodists gave a mighty check to profane song-singing in the following manner: whenever they found that the devil had got a good tune that seemed to charm the people, some one immediately composed a hymn or spiritual song to that tune, and thus cheated Satan out of both tune and singers; and thousands in latter times have imitated these fathers of Methodism in this respect with glorious success. In this place, an important question will naturally arise: Have the ballads become popular from the beauty

and simplicity of the airs to which they have been set, or otherwise? We frankly answer, while admitting that thousands of our youth, polluted by the influence of our drinking-saloons and play-houses, would prefer an immoral song to the inspired hymns of Wesley, Watts, or Montgomery, that our belief is, that it is the tunes, rather than the words, that have drawn away so many of our young; and it is from this that we infer the salutary tendency of an attempt to redeem our best popular airs by adapting them to the songs of Zion. We have long listened to all that has been said against the introduction of song tunes into the worship of God, and we reply in the language of an old divine, "Why, there are only seven or eight notes to all the tunes in the world, and they all belong to Jesus Christ; so that if the devil wants any fresh ones, he must make them." We have known hundreds attracted to the house of the Lord by such singing, and, what is far better, attracted to the cross. It will be quite soon enough to vindicate the use of song tunes in the worship of God, when any christian shall bring a scriptural or common-sense objection against it.

THE CHORUS.



1

P. M.

TURN to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of Jesus' name,
Glory, honour, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

HYMN.—Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

Turn to the Lord, &c.



2

L. M.

OH! come, and will you go, will you go,
will you go?
Oh! come, and will you go, where pleasure
never dies? [Repeat.]

HYMN.—Our conflicts here will soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last:

Oh ! come, and will you go, &c.

2 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear.

Oh ! come, and will you go, &c.

3 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast, &c.

3

C. M.

OH, come ! oh, come ! and go with me,
Where pleasure never dies,
And you the sinner's Friend shall see,
And reign above the skies.

HYMN.—Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
Repent, thy end is nigh ;
Death at the farthest can't be far,
Oh, think before thou die.
Oh, come ! oh, come ! &c.

4

C. M.

LOOK away, look away, look away to Cal-
vary ;
Look away, look away, look away to Cal-
vary.

HYMN.—Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die,

Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

Look away, look away, &c.

5

L. M.

HO ! every one that thirsts,
Come ye to the waters,
Freely drink, and quench your thirst,
Zion's sons and daughters.

HYMN.—Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Oh ! Glory, Hallelujah !
Let every soul be Jesus' guest,
Oh ! Glory, Hallelujah !
Ho ! every one, &c.

2 Ye need not one be left behind,
Oh ! Glory, Hallelujah !
For God hath bidden all mankind,
Oh ! Glory, Hallelujah !
Ho ! every one, &c.

6

P. M.

O turn, sinners, turn,
May the Lord help you turn !
O, turn, sinners, turn,
Why will you die ?

HYMN.—Sinners, turn, why will you die ?
 God your maker asks you why ?
 God who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live.

O, turn, sinners, turn, &c.

7

P. M.

TUNE—*Hearken to my brothers.*

COME ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous, not the righteous,
 Sinners, Jesus came to call ;
 Not the righteous, not the righteous,
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

2 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo your Maker prostrate lies,
 On the bloody tree behold him,
 Hear him cry before he dies.

Lord, revive us ! &c.

8

6 line 7s.

THEN you'll cry, and want to be,
 Happy in eternity,
 Eternity, eternity, happy in eternity. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Oh, ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
 You must die, and wear the shroud ;
 Time will rob you of your bloom ;
 Death will drag you to the tomb.

Then you'll cry, &c.

2 Will you go to heaven, or hell ?
 One you must and there to dwell ;
 Christ will come and quickly too,
 I must meet him, so must you.

Then you'll cry, &c.

9

L. M.

THE year of jubilee is come,
 Return ye ransomed sinners home ;
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return ye ransomed sinners home.

HYMN.—Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest,
 Ye need not one be left behind,
 For God hath bidden all mankind.

The year of jubilee is come, &c.

10

P. M.

THE way to heaven is free for all ;
 Will you go ? Will you go ?
 For Jew and Gentile great and small ;
 Will you go ? Will you go ?

Make up your minds, give God your heart ;
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory make a start ;
Will you go ? Will you go ?

2 The way to heaven is strait and plain ;
Will you go ? Will you go ?
Repent, believe, be born again ;
Will you go ? Will you go ?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee ;
Take up thy cross and follow me ;
And thou shalt my salvation see ;
Will you go ? Will you go ?

3 Oh could I hear some sinner say,
I will go ! I will go !
I'll start this moment in the way ;
Let me go ? Let me go ?
My old companions fare you well ;
I will not go with you to hell ;
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell ;
Let me go ? Let me go ?

4 Yes, by the help of Jesus' grace,
I will go ! I will go !
I'll travel to the heavenly place ;
I will go ! I will go !
My new companions are so kind ;
I'll leave the world and sin behind ;
With them the promised rest to find ;
I will go ! I will go !

5 My soul is bound for endless bliss ;
Let me go ? Let me go ?
What hath the world to equal this ?
Let me go ? Let me go ?
My vain amusements all adieu ?
My soul has had enough of you ;
My Father's house appears in view ;
Let me go ? Let me go ?

6 Some of our friends have crossed the flood ;
Let me go ? Let me go ?
They've joined yon army bought with blood ;
Let me go ? Let me go ?
They now are looking out for me ;
Bearing their palms of victory ;
And I shall them in glory see ;
Let me go ? Let me go ?

7 Hark, my Master calls me home ;
Let me go ? Let me go ?
Ten thousand angels bid me come ;
Let me go ? Let me go ?
Farewell my friends, adieu, adieu ;
The vale of death I'm marching through ;
And when you come, I'll welcome you ;
Let me go ? Let me go ?



11

S. M.

COME, go along with me,
And happy you shall be,

And join with us around the throne,
In one great family.

HYMN.—Come ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

Come go along with me, &c.

12

P. M.

WILL you go with me, will you go with
me,
Will you go with me, to Calvary?

HYMN.—There is room enough in heaven,
Will you go along with me?
For Jesus has told me,
To tell you to go.

Will you go with me, &c.

2 King Jesus is our captain,
Will you go along with me?
For Jesus has told me,
To tell you to go.

Will you go with me, &c.

13

P. M.

COME to Jesus, Come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus, just now, just now, just now,
 Come to Jesus, just now.

2 He will save you, he will save you,
 He will save you, he will save you,
 He will save you, just now, just now, just now,
 He will save you, just now.

3 I believe it, I believe it, &c.

4 Send the power, send the power, &c.

14

L. M.

TRULY believe, and you shall be saved ;
 Truly believe, and you shall be saved ;
 Truly believe, and you shall be saved ;
 And heaven is yours forever.

HYMN.—Come sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest,
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest,
 And heaven is yours forever.

Truly believe, &c.

2 Ye need not one be left behind,
 For God hath bidden all mankind,
 For God hath bidden all mankind,
 And heaven is yours forever.

Truly believe, &c

- 3 Drooping souls, no longer grieve,
 Heaven is propitious ;
 If in Christ you do believe,
 You will find him precious.

Truly believe, &c.

15

P. M.

COME in welcome, come in welcome,
 Come in welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Come in welcome to Jesus, nor longer delay.

HYMN.—Oh, come, sinners, come to the Sa-
 viour to-day,
 Come for all things are ready, Oh,
 haste ye away.

Come in welcome, &c.

- 2 He invites you to come, to his words
 all attend,
 He calls you in love, he's the sin-
 ner's best friend.

Come in welcome, &c.

- 3 He died that the souls of the sin-
 ners might live,
 He lives now in glory their prayers
 to receive.

Come in welcome, &c.

4 The Spirit says come, his gentle voice
hear,
To-day pray for pardon while Jesus
is near.

Come in welcome, &c.

16

C. M.

OH! Hallelujah! grace is free;
There's enough for each,
There's enough for all,
There's enough forevermore.

HYMN.—Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay—
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

Oh! Hallelujah! &c.

17

L. M.

THEN drink free children;
Then drink free children;
Drink free children;
The angels bid me come.

HYMN.—I'll tell you what I mean to do,
The angels bid me come.
I mean to go to heaven too,
The angels bid me come.

Then drink free children, &c.

18

P. M.

I AM on my way to Zion,
 I am on my way to Zion,
 I am on my way to Zion,
 To the new Jerusalem.

HYMN.—Oh ! brother, will you meet me,
 Oh ! brother, will you meet me,
 Oh ! brother, will you meet me,
 On Canaan's happy shore ?

I am on my way, &c.

2 Oh ! sister, will you meet me, &c.

3 Oh ! mourner, will you meet me, &c.

—

19

L. M.

I'M bound for the promised land,
 I'm bound for the promised land,
 Oh ! come, and go along with me ;
 I'm bound for the promised land.

HYMN.—And when we land on that blest
 shore,
 I'm bound for the promised land,
 There we'll encamp forever more,
 I'm bound for the promised land,
 I'm bound for, &c.

2 We have no abiding city here,
 I'm bound for the promised land,
 We seek a city out of sight,
 I'm bound for the promised land,

I'm bound for, &c.

20

P. M.

GLORY be to Jesus, glory be to Jesus,
 Come with us, come with us,
 Come with us in love,
 And we'll all march together, to heaven above.

HYMN.—Oh ! how happy are they,
 Who their Saviour obey ;
 And have laid up their treasures
 above ;
 Tongue cannot express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love !

Glory be to Jesus, &c.

21

P. M.

BUT you must be a lover of the Lord ;
 But you must be a lover of the Lord ;
 But you must be a lover of the Lord ;
 Or you can't get to heaven at all.

HYMN.—Come along neighbours,
 Come along neighbours,
 Come along neighbours,
 And live around the throne.

But you must be a lover, &c.

2 Come along mourners, &c.

3 Come along sinners, &c.

22

L. M.

O mourner, you shall gain the day,
 Jesus is the way,
 O mourner, you shall gain the day,
 Jesus is the way.

HYMN.—Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 Jesus is the way,
 Come hither soul, I am the way,
 Jesus is the way.

O mourner, &c.

2 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 Jesus is the way,
 What a dear Saviour I have found,
 Jesus is the way.

O mourner, &c.

PENITENTIAL.

23

C. M.

OH! I'll not die here, Oh! I'll not die here,
 With hunger he cries;
 Nor starve in a foreign land;
 For in my Father's house,
 There's large supplies,
 And bounteous is his hand.

HYMN.—I'll go and tell him all I've done,
 Fall down before his face,
 Unworthy to be called his son,
 I'll seek a servant's place.

Oh! I'll not die here, &c.

24

C. M.

I'VE been a long time travelling here below,
 Been a long time wandering away from
 home,
 Been a long time travelling here below,
 To lay this body down.

HYMN.—Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groaned upon the tree? &c.

I've been a long time, &c.

25

C. M.

WEEP, weep, mourn, mourn,
 Forsake your evil way,
 And to a smiling God return,
 Prepare for judgment day,

HYMN.—Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
 Repent, thy end is nigh ;
 Death at the farthest can't be far,
 Oh, think, before you die.

Weep, weep, mourn, mourn, &c.

26

C. M.

I YIELD, I yield, I yield,
 I can hold out no more,
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own thee conqueror.

HYMN.—Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sovereign die,
 Would he devote that sacred head,
 For such a worm as I ?

I yield, I yield, I yield, &c.

27

L. M.

THERE'S power in Jesus' blood ;
 There's power in Jesus' blood ;
 There's power in Jesus' blood ;
 To wash away my sins.

HYMN.—Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
 And wash away my sins,
 Let a repenting sinner live,
 And wash away my sins.

There's power in Jesus' blood, &c.

28

P. M.

OH, how merciful! oh, how merciful!
 Oh, how merciful! the Lord has been
 to me.

HYMN.—Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God.
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

Oh, how merciful! &c.

2 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love,
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.

Oh, how merciful! &c.

29

L. M.

OH where shall I go, oh where shall I go,
 Oh where shall I go, to ease my troubled
 mind?

HYMN.—Oh, that my load of sin were gone,
 To ease my troubled mind !
 Oh, that I could at last submit,
 To ease my troubled mind !

Oh where shall I go, &c.

30

C. M.

OH the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
 The Lamb on Calvary,
 The Lamb that was slain,
 But liveth again,
 To intercede for me.

HYMN.—Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ the mighty Maker died,
 For man the creature's sin.

Oh the Lamb, &c.

31

L. M.

I BELIEVE there's mercy for me, Lord,
 Send it to me now,
 Halle, Halle, Hallelujah !
 I believe there's mercy for me, Lord,
 Send it to me now,
 Halle, Halle, Hallelujah !

HYMN.—Rest for my soul I long to find,
 O Halle, Halle, Hallelujah !
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art !
 O Halle, Halle, Hallelujah !
 I believe there's mercy, &c.

2 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 O Halle, Halle, Hallelujah !
 And stamp thine image on my heart,
 O Halle, Halle, Hallelujah !
 I believe there's mercy, &c.

32

P. M.

I WILL believe, I do believe, that Jesus
 died for me,
 That here and hereafter, I happy shall be.

HYMN.—Where all things are plenteous,
 And the leaves are growing green ;
 Where the parting of christians
 Will never be seen.

I will believe, &c.

2 Who, who would live alway, away
 from his God ?
 Away from you heaven, that blissful
 abode,
 Where rivers of pleasure flow bright
 o'er the plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally
 reigns.

I will believe, &c.

3 There is a fountain filled with blood.

4 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.



33

P. M.

O POOR sinner, view your Saviour,
Hanging on the shameful tree,
Hear him groaning, see him dying,
Thus he died for you and me.

HYMN.—Come ye sinners, poor, and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus, ready, stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.

O poor sinner, &c.

2 Come ye weary, heavy laden, &c.



34

C. M.

CRYING save me, save me,
Save me, blessed Saviour,
Crying save me, save me,
O thou Lamb of God.

HYMN.—Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

Crying save me, &c.

2 What did thine only Son endure,
 Before I drew my breath !
 What pain, what labour to secure,
 My soul from endless death !

Crying save me, &c.

35

C. M.

OH, who's like Jesus ? Hallelujah !
 Praise ye the Lord,
 There's none like Jesus, Hallelujah !
 Love and serve the Lord.

HYMN.—Jesus, the name that charms our
 fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Oh, who's like Jesus, &c.

36

P. M.

THERE'S balm in Gilead ;
 To make the wounded whole,
 There's power enough in Jesus,
 To cure the sin-sick soul.

HYMN.—I left my worldly honours,
 I left my worldly fame,
 I left my young companions,
 And with them my good name.

For there's balm in Gilead, &c.

37

P. M.

I WEEP, I mourn, and so I get along,
 I'm a poor mourning pilgrim,
 I'm bound for Canaan's land. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—There's room enough in heaven,
 Will you go along with me?
 I'm a poor mourning pilgrim,
 I'm bound for Canaan's land. [*Rep.*]

I weep, I mourn, &c.

38

C. M.

REMEMBER me, remember me,
 O Lord, remember me,
 Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
 And then remember me.

HYMN.—Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head,
 For such a worm as I?

Remember me, &c.

39

P. M.

ANGELS are hovering around,
 Angels are hovering around,
 Angels, angels are hovering around,
 For to carry the tidings home,
 For to carry the tidings home,
 For to carry, carry the tidings home,
 To the new Jerusalem,
 To the new Jerusalem,
 To the new, to the new Jerusalem ;
 That sinners are coming home,
 That sinners are coming home,
 That sinners, sinners are coming home.

40

L. M.

SAVE, O save, save, mighty Lord,
 And send converting power down,
 Save, mighty Lord.

HYMN.—I would, but thou must give the
 power,

Save, mighty Lord,
 My heart from every sin release,
 Save, mighty Lord.
 O save, O save, &c.

2 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 Save, mighty Lord,
 And fully set my spirit free,
 Save, mighty Lord.
 O save, O save, &c.

41

C. M.

I OWN I'm base, I own I'm vile ;
 But mercy's all my plea,
 Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
 And then remember me.

HYMN.—But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
 The debt of love I owe,
 Here Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

I own I'm base, &c.



JUSTIFICATION.

42

P. M.

OH ! when I was a sinner,
 Oh ! when I was a sinner,
 Oh ! when I was a sinner,
 My Jesus took me in,
 Took me in to his favor,
 Took me in to his favor,
 Took me in to his favor,
 My Jesus took me in.

HYMN.—My home is over Jordan, &c.

2 Oh ! how I ought to love him, &c.

3 Oh ! how I ought to praise him, &c.

43

L. M.

JESUS died for you, and he died for me,
 He died to set poor sinners free,
 Oh, he died for you, and he died for me,
 And he died to set poor sinners free.

HYMN—Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free,
 I cannot rest till pure within,
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.

Jesus died for you, &c.

44

L. M.

FOR he has pardoned my sins,
 And he has set my soul free,
 And this is what the Lord has done for me.

HYMN.—This is the way I long have sought,
 I'll tell you what the Lord has done
 for me,
 And mourned because I found it not,
 I'll tell you what the Lord has done
 for me.

For he has pardoned my sins, &c.

2 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 I'll tell you what the Lord has done
 for me,

What a dear Saviour I have found,
I'll tell you what the Lord has done
for me.

For he has pardoned my sins, &c.



SANCTIFICATION.

45

L. M.

OH, no! oh, no! none but the righteous
shall be saved;

Oh, no! oh, no! none but the righteous shall
be saved.

HYMN.—Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
None but the righteous shall be
saved;

And fully set my spirit free,
None but the righteous shall be
saved;

Oh, no! oh, no! &c.

2 I cannot rest till pure within,
None but the righteous shall be
saved;

Till I am wholly lost in thee,
None but the righteous shall be
saved;

Oh, no! oh, no! &c.

- 3 That awful day will soon appear,
 None but the righteous shall be
 saved;
 When Gabriel's trumpet you shall
 hear,
 None but the righteous shall be
 saved;
 Oh, no ! oh, no ! &c.



REJOICING AND PRAISE.

46

L. M.

I'LL praise the Lord, I'll praise the Lord,
 I'll praise the Lord, wherever I go.

HYMN.—Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found.

I'll praise the Lord, &c.

- 2 I'll point to thy Redeeming blood,
 And say, Behold the way to God.

I'll praise the Lord, &c.



47

L. M.

O GLORY, Glory, Glory, Hallelujah !
 We're going where pleasure never dies.

HYMN.—Come thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

O glory, glory, glory, &c.

48

L. M.

WE all love Jesus, Glory, Hallelujah !
 We all love Jesus, Glory, Hallelujah !

HYMN.—It's when I hated all my sins,
 Glory, Hallelujah !
 My dear Redeemer took me in,
 Glory, Hallelujah !

We all love Jesus, &c.

2 And with his blood, he wash'd me
 clean,

Glory, Hallelujah !
 And Oh, what seasons I have seen !
 Glory, Hallelujah !

We all love Jesus, &c.

49

P. M.

WHERE, O where, are the Hebrew chil-
 dren ?

Where, O where, are the Hebrew children ?
 Where, O where, are the Hebrew children ?
 Safe in the promised land.

By and by we will go and meet them ;
 By and by we will go and meet them ;
 By and by we will go and meet them ;
 Safe in the promised land.

They went up through the fiery furnace ;
 They went up through the fiery furnace ;
 They went up through the fiery furnace ;
 Safe to the promised land.



50 C. M.
 OH ! Hallelujah ! praise ye the Lord,
 Oh ! Hallelujah ! praise ye the Lord.

HYMN.—When I can read my title clear,
 To mansions in the skies ;
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

Oh ! Hallelujah ! &c.



51 P. M.
 I LOVE Jesus, I love Jesus,
 I love Jesus, yes I do ;
 I love Jesus, he's my Saviour,
 Jesus smiles, and loves me too:

HYMN.—Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

I love Jesus, &c.

52

C. M.

O MY Saviour, come my Saviour,
 O come and bless thy people now,
 While at thy feet they humbly bow,
 O come and bless them now;
 { Then will we sing our sufferings o'er,
 { And praise thee evermore. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Into temptation lead us not,
 From evil us defend,
 For thine the kingdom is, O Lord,
 And glory without end.

O my Saviour, &c.

53

L. M.

WHEN we all get to heaven,
 How happy we will be,
 When we cross over Jordan,
 We'll sound the jubilee. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—I love the Lord, I know I do,
 My brother says he loves him too.

When we all get to heaven, &c.

2 I have some friends to glory gone,
And I'm resolved to travel on.

When we all get to heaven, &c.

54

P. M.

THIS religion you believe,
Glory, Hallelujah !
It soon shall land our souls up yonder,
Glory, Hallelujah !

HYMN.—Brother, you believe in God,
Happy shouting you shall have,
Brother, you believe in God,
You'll shout among God's angels.

This religion you believe, &c.

2 Sister, you believe in God, &c.

3 Classmates, you believe in God, &c.

4 Mourner, you believe in God, &c.

55

L. M.

CRYING, Amen, I love Jesus,
We're going where pleasure never dies,
Crying, Amen, I love Jesus,
We're going where pleasure never dies.

HYMN.—I do believe without a doubt,
 The christian has a right to shout.
[Rep.]

Crying, Amen, &c.

2 I don't care what this world may say,
 This world may talk, and I will pray.

Crying, Amen, &c.

56

P. M.

THERE is glory in my soul,
 And there's glory all around,
 Shouting Glory, Halle, Hallelujah !
 My Jesus bids me come,
 Oh, why do I delay ?
 Shouting Glory, Halle, Hallelujah !

HYMN.—If my brother gets to heaven,
 By watching unto prayer,
 Shouting Glory, Halle, Hallelujah !
 By watching unto prayer,
 I hope to meet him there,
 Shouting Glory, Halle, Hallelujah !
 There is glory in my soul, &c.

57

P. M.

HALLELUJAH ! Glory and honour,
 Praise ye the Lord,
 Pray on brethren, pray on sisters,
 Come my loving neighbours, serve the Lord.

HYMN.—Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

Hallelujah! Glory, &c.

58

L. M.

THERE is union in heaven, and there's
 union in my soul,

Oh! Glory, Hallelujah!

Sweet music in heaven, just beginning for to
 roll,

How I love God, Glory, Hallelujah!

2 I love the Lord, I know I do,

Oh! Glory, Hallelujah!

My brother says he loves him too.

How I love God, Glory, Hallelujah!

There is union, &c.

3 I never shall forget that day,

Oh! Glory, Hallelujah!

When Jesus washed my sins away,

How I love God, Glory, Hallelujah!

There is union, &c.

59

P. M.

GIVE me Jesus, give me Jesus,
 You may have all the world,
 Give me Jesus.

HYMN.—While wandering to and fro,
 In this wide world of wo,
 Where streams of sorrow flow,
 Give me Jesus.

Give me Jesus, &c.

2 In the morning hear me cry,
 In the morning hear me cry,
 In the morning hear me cry,
 Give me Jesus.

Give me Jesus, &c.

3 When I'm tempted hear me cry,
 When I'm tempted hear me cry,
 When I'm tempted hear me cry,
 Give me Jesus.

Give me Jesus, &c.

60

L. M.

WE'LL praise him, praise him,
 Glory, Hallelujah !
 We'll praise him, praise him,
 Glory, Hallelujah ! [*Rep.*]

Hymn.—This note above the rest shall swell,
Glory, Hallelujah !
My Jesus has done all things well,
Glory, Hallelujah !

We'll praise him, &c.

2 I'll praise him while he lends me
breath,
Glory, Hallelujah !
I hope to praise him after death.
Glory, Hallelujah !

We'll praise him, &c.

61

L. M.

HOSANNA, Hosanna, to the Lamb!
Hosanna, Hosanna, to the Lamb!

HYMN.—Lo glad I come, and thou blest
Lamb,
Shall take me to thee whose I am.

Hosanna, &c.

2 Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

Hosanna, &c.

62

P. M.

OH, my soul's happy,
 Oh, my soul's happy,
 I'm happy on my journey home.
 Glory, Hallelujah !

HYMN.—Religion makes me happy,
 Religion makes me happy,
 Come help me on my journey home.
 Glory, Hallelujah !

Oh, my soul's happy, &c.

2 I'll meet you in the kingdom, &c.

3 Oh, there we'll live forever, &c.

4 I think we shall get over, &c.

5 There is room enough in heaven, &c.

63

L. M.

OH, how good it is, for us to be bless'd,
 And dwell where loving Jesus is ! [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—My suffering times will soon be o'er,
 Then shall I sigh and weep no more,
 Oh ! Glory, Hallelujah !
 Oh ! Glory, Hallelujah !

Oh, how good, &c.

2 My ransomed soul shall soar away,
 Oh ! Glory, Hallelujah !
 To sing God's praise in endless day,
 Oh ! Glory, Hallelujah !

Oh, how good, &c.

64

P. M.

GLORY, Glory, Glory, Glory !
 G Hallelujah ! God is love. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Come thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

Glory, Glory, &c.

65

L. M.

NO, no ! never will come back any more,
 I never will come back any more.

HYMN.—If ever I pitch my tent again,
 Never will come back any more,
 I'll pitch it where Satan can't get in,
 Never will come back any more.

No, no ! never, &c.

66

L. M.

NO more, no more, no more, no more,
We'll never come back any more.

HYMN.—When we get home, we'll shout and
sing,
We'll never come back any more,
We'll make the heavenly arches ring,
We'll never come back any more.

No more, no more, &c.

67

L. M.

GLORY, Glory, let us sing,
While heaven and earth with glory ring,
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna,
To the Lamb of God!

HYMN.—“I know that my Redeemer lives,”
What joy the blest assurance gives.
He lives, he lives, who once was
dead,
He lives, my everlasting head!

Glory, Glory, &c.

68

L. M.

I'M happy now, and I know I shall be,
When my friends in heaven I see,
Happy, Happy, may the Lord continue with
me.

HYMN.—Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
 Happy, Happy, may the Lord
 continue with me,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon,
 Happy, Happy, may the Lord
 continue with me.

I'm happy now, &c.

69

L. M.¹

OH I'm so glad, that Jesus came the world
 to save,
 I'm so glad he came to save me.

HYMN.—O happy day that fixed my choice,
 He came to save me.
 On thee my Saviour and my God,
 He came to save me.

Oh I'm so glad, &c.

Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 He came to save me,
 And tell its raptures all abroad,
 He came to save me.

Oh I'm so glad, &c.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine,
 He drew me and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice di-
 vine.

Oh I'm so glad, &c.

70

P. M.

HELP me to praise my loving Saviour,
 Oh, for what he has done for me,
 Glory, honour, and salvation,
 Christ the Lord has come to reign.

HYMN.—Come thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

Help me, &c.

71

L. M.

O CHILDREN, praise him,
 O children, praise him,
 O children, praise him,
 For he's your father's God.

HYMN.—Praise God for what he's done for
 me,

Glory, Hallelujah !
 I once was blind, but now I see.
 Glory, Hallelujah !

O children, praise him, &c.

2 Oh ! Hallelujah to the Lamb !
 Glory, Hallelujah !
 For Jesus died for every man.
 Glory, Hallelujah !

O children, praise him, &c.

72

L. M.

ALL around our Father's dazzling throne,
 Good Lord, we'll give thee all the glory.
 [Rep.]

HYMN.—When we get home, we'll shout and
 sing,
 Good Lord, we'll give thee all the
 glory,
 We'll make the heavenly arches ring,
 Good Lord, we'll give thee all the
 glory.

All around, &c.

73

C. M.

GLORY, honour, praise and power,
 Be with the Lamb forever,
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
 Hallelujah ! praise the Lord.

HYMN.—Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing,
 My great Redeemer's praise ;
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.

Glory, honour, &c

74

L. M.

PLEASE Lord, give me the wings,
 And I'll shout, Glory !

I'll fly away to my heavenly home ;
And I'll shout, Glory !

HYMN.—I expect to meet my brother there,
And I'll shout, Glory !
Who used to join with me in prayer !
And I'll shout, Glory !

— Please Lord, &c.

75

L. M.

ONLY let my soul be happy,
Only let my soul be happy,
Only let my soul be happy,
When I die. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
Only let my soul be happy, when
I die,
He whom I fix my hopes upon,
Only let my soul be happy, when
I die.

Only let my soul be happy, &c.

2 “ I know that my Redeemer lives,”
Only let my soul be happy, when
I die,
What joy the blest assurance gives.
Only let my soul be happy, when
I die.

Only let my soul be happy, &c.

76

P. M.

I LOVE this pure religion,
Soldiers of the jubilee,
I love this pure religion,
Soldiers of the cross.
Remember me while toiling here,
Soldiers of the jubilee,
Remember me while toiling here,
Soldiers of the cross.

HYMN.—My home is over Jordan,
Soldiers of the jubilee, &c.

2 Farewell to sin and sorrow, &c.

77

C. M.

PLENTITUDE OF GRACE.

OH! yes, free grace, free grace,
Oh! yes, free grace, free grace,
Oh! yes, free grace, free grace,
To all, to all, in Jesus' name.

HYMN.—Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay—
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

Oh ! yes, free grace, &c.

2 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
 In a believer's ear,
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his
 wounds,
 And drives away his fears.

Oh ! yes, free grace, &c.

78

4 lines 7's.

VICTORY ! Victory !
 When we've gained the victory !
 Oh, how happy we shall be,
 When we've gained the victory !

HYMN.—Children of the heavenly King ;
 As we journey let us sing ;
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

Victory ! Victory ! &c.

79

C. M.

EARNEST PRAYER.

OH, for justifying grace !
 Oh, for sanctifying power !
 Lord we beg for Jesus' sake,
 A sweet refreshing shower.

HYMN.—Come holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 In these cold hearts of ours.

Oh, for justifying grace! &c.

80

L. M.

I'M happy, I'm happy,
 I'm on my way to Zion,
 I'm happy, I'm happy,
 I'm on my journey home.

HYMN.—Then will I tell to sinners round,
 I'm on my way to Zion,
 What a dear Saviour I have found,
 I'm on my journey home.

I'm happy, I'm happy, &c.

2 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 I'm on my way to Zion,
 And say, Behold the way to God,
 I'm on my journey home.

I'm happy, I'm happy, &c.

81

L. M.

OH! he's taken my feet from the mire and
 the clay,
 And he's placed them on the rock of ages.

[Rep.]

HYMN.—I'll praise him while he lends me
breath,
I hope to praise him after death.

Oh! he's taken my feet, &c.

2 I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

Oh! he's taken my feet, &c.

82

L. M.

FOR the way is so delightful,
In the service of the Lord,
For the way is so delightful, Hallelujah!

HYMN.—But in this way methinks I see,
For the way is so delightful, Hal-
lelujah!
The track of him who died for me,
For the way is so delightful, Hal-
lelujah!

For the way, &c.

83

P. M.

OH, when shall I see Jesus,
See Jesus, see Jesus,
Oh, when shall I see Jesus,
Where pleasure never dies?

CHORUS.—We are sailing home to glory,
 We are sailing home to glory,
 We are sailing home to glory,
 Where pleasure never dies.

2 Oh, do not be discouraged, &c.

3 I'm glad I've got religion, &c.

4 I'll meet you in the kingdom, &c.

84

L. M.

OH, hinder me not, for I will serve the Lord,
 And I'll praise him when I die. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon.

Oh, hinder me not, &c.

2 Yonder's my house and portion fair,
 My treasure, and my heart is there.

Oh, hinder me not, &c.

3 What makes me praise my Lord so
 bold,
 I've got religion in my soul.

Oh, hinder me not, &c.

85

P. M.

OH, give God the glory, give him all the
glory,
Give God the glory, for the glory is his own.

HYMN.—When I set out for glory,
I left the world behind,
Determined for a city,
That's out of sight to find.

Oh, give God the glory, &c.

86

L. M.

ALL HAIL.

O HAIL! O hail! I long to join the union
band,
O hail! O hail! I'm on my journey home.

HYMN.—Come on my partners in distress,
I'm on my journey home,
My comrades through the wilderness,
I'm on my journey home.

O hail! O hail! &c.

87

P. M.

A WAY over in the promised land,
Away over in the promised land,
My Lord calls, and I must go,
Over in the promised land.

- 1 My Saviour's in the promised land, &c.
 - 2 My father's in the promised land, &c.
 - 3 My mother's in the promised land, &c.
 - 4 My brother's in the promised land, &c.
 - 5 My sister's in the promised land, &c.
 - 6 My leader's in the promised land, &c.
-

88

L. M.

HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!
I'll belong to this band, Hallelujah!

HYMN.—King David on his throne of state,
Did belong to this band, Hallelujah!
And Lazarus at the rich man's gate,
Did belong to this band, Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! &c.

- 2 I hope to meet my brethren there,
Who belonged to this band, Hallelujah!
Who used to join with me in prayer,
And belonged to this band, Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! &c.

3 And then we'll walk the golden
street,
I'll belong to this band, Hallelujah !
We'll cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
I'll belong to this band, Hallelujah !

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! &c.

4 I hope to meet my leader there, &c.

89

P. M.

HALLELUJAH to Jesus again and
again,
We will praise him forever. Amen ! and
Amen !

To the Lamb that was slain,
But that liveth again,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Amen ! and Amen !

HYMN.—Oh ! how happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid, and have laid
Up their treasures above ;
Tongue cannot express
That sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul, of a soul,
In its earliest love !

Hallelujah to Jesus, &c.

2 Enraptured I burn with delight and
 desire,
 Such love so divine sets my soul all
 on fire,
 Around the bright throne, Hosannas
 are ringing,
 Oh, when shall I join them, and
 ever be singing—

Hallelujah to Jesus, &c.

90

P. M.

TUNE—*Hearken to my brothers.*

HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!
 We are on our journey home. [*Rep.*]
 Or,

I LOVE Jesus, I love Jesus,
 I love Jesus, yes I do ;
 I love Jesus, Hallelujah!
 Jesus smiles, and loves me too:

HYMN.—Come thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! &c.

2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

CHORUS.—I will praise thee, I will praise thee,
 Where shall I thy praise begin?
 I will praise thee, I will praise thee,
 Where shall I thy praise begin?

91

L. M.

WHEN I am happy, I can sing,
 Good Lord, I'm on my journey home.
[Rep.]

HYMN.—Then will I tell to sinners round,
 Good Lord, I'm on my journey home,
 What a dear Saviour I have found,
 Good Lord, I'm on my journey home.

When I am happy, &c.

2 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 Good Lord, I'm on my journey home,
 And say, Behold the way to God,
 Good Lord, I'm on my journey home.

When I'm happy, &c.

92

P. M.

WHEN on Zion we stand, having gained
 the blest shore,
 With our harps in our hands, we'll praise
 him evermore,

We'll range the blest fields on the banks of
the river,
And sing Hallelujah ! forever and ever.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah to the Lamb !

Who has purchased our pardon,
We will praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

93

L. M.

HALLELUJAH ! Hallelujah !
We're a happy little band, Hallelujah !
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
We're a happy little band, Hallelujah !

HYMN.—I never shall forget that day,
We're a happy little band, Hallelujah !
When Jesus washed my sins away,
We're a happy little band, Hallelujah !

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! &c.

94

L. M.

CRYING Hosanna ! Crying Hosanna !
Crying Hosanna, to the Lamb of God !

HYMN.—I'll let you know before I go,
Whether I love the Lord or no ;

Crying Hosanna ! &c.

95

P. M.

MY home is over Jordan ;
 My home is over Jordan ;

My home is over Jordan ;
 Where pleasure never dies.

Where the wicked cease from troubling ;

Where the wicked cease from troubling ;

Where the wicked cease from troubling ;

And the weary are at rest.

HYMN.—O when shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above,
 To drink the flowing fountain
 Of everlasting love ?

My home is over Jordan, &c.

2 Farewell to sin and sorrow, &c.

3 Oh, do not be discouraged, &c.

96

L. M.

OH, Glory, Glory, to the Lamb !
 Throughout my soul I feel the flame.
 Oh, had I wings like Noah's dove,
 I soon would shout with those above.

HYMN.—My suffering time will soon be o'er,
 Then shall I sigh and weep no more,
 My ransomed soul shall soar away,
 To sing God's praise in endless day.

Oh, Glory, Glory, &c.

97

L. M.

HAPPY day, happy day,
 When Jesus washed my sins away,
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day.
 Happy day, happy day,
 When Jesus washed my sins away.

HYMN.—It's when I hated all my sin,
 My dear Redeemer took me in,
 And with his blood he washed me
 clean,
 And oh! what seasons I have seen.

Happy day, happy day, &c.

98

L. M.

FOR they shine, shine, shine, like a star,
 Shine, shine, around the throne of God.

HYMN.—I have some friends that's gone be-
 fore,
 Oh! blessed are the dead that die in
 the Lord;
 They're happy on the other shore,
 Oh! blessed are the dead that die in
 the Lord.

For they shine, shine, &c.

99

L. M.

FOR I feel something like glory in my soul,
 I feel something like glory in my soul,
 I feel, I feel, I feel like shouting home.

HYMN.—Farewell vain world, I'm going
 home,
 My Saviour smiles, and bids me
 come,
 I feel, I feel, I feel like shouting
 home.

For I feel something, &c.

2 I have some friends that's gone be-
 fore,
 They're happy on the other shore,
 I feel, I feel, I feel like shouting
 home.

For I feel something, &c.

100

P. M.

AND to glory, I will go—I'll go, I'll go,
 And to glory I will go.

HYMN.—When I set out for glory,
 I left the world behind,
 Determined for a city,
 That's out of sight to find.

And to glory, &c.

- 2 I left my worldly honour,
 I left my worldly fame,
 I left my young companions,
 And with them my good name.

And to glory, &c.

- 3 Some said I'd better tarry,
 They thought I was too young,
 For to prepare for dying ;
 But that was all my theme.

And to glory, &c.

- 4 Come, all my loving brethren,
 And listen to my cry ;
 All you that are backsliders,
 Must shortly beg or die.

And to glory, &c.

101

P. M.

OH, that will be joyful,
 Joyful, joyful, joyful,
 Oh, that will be joyful,
 To meet to part no more !

HYMN.—All who love the Lord below,
 When they die to heaven will go,
 And sing with saints above.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

- 2 Leaders too shall meet above,
And our classmates whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

- 3 Oh, how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

- 4 Glittering crowns we shall wear,
Conquering palms we too shall bear,
And bow before his throne.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

—

102

C. M.

TUNE.—*Weep no more for me.*

HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!
We will sing a song,
Unto God and the Lamb,
And we'll praise him evermore.

HYMN.—When we've been there ten thousand
years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's
praise,
Than when we first begun.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! &c.

103

P. M.

SING on, pray on,
 Ye followers of Immanuel,
 Sing on, pray on,
 Ye followers of the Lamb.

HYMN.—My Bible leads to glory,
 My Bible leads to glory,
 My Bible leads to glory,
 Ye followers of the Lamb.

Sing on, pray on, &c.

2 I love my blessed Jesus,
 I love my blessed Jesus,
 I love my blessed Jesus,
 Ye followers of the Lamb.

Sing on, pray on, &c.

3 I'll meet you in the kingdom,
 I'll meet you in the kingdom,
 I'll meet you in the kingdom,
 Ye followers of the Lamb.

Sing on, pray on, &c.

SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

104

L. M.

O H, how he bleeds, oh, how he bleeds,
Oh, how he bleeds for me ! [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—He dies—the friend of sinners dies—
Oh, how he bleeds for me,
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around,
Oh, how he bleeds for me.

Oh, how he bleeds, &c.

105

L. M.

O WHO'S like Jesus, O who's like Jesus,
O who's like Jesus ? He died on the tree.

HYMN.—He died for you, he died for me,
He died to set poor sinners free,
And who's like Jesus ? He died on
the tree.

O who's like Jesus, &c.

2 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more,
And who's like Jesus ? He died on
the tree.

O who's like Jesus, &c.

106

C. M.

DOWN in that garden,
 Hear that mournful sound,
 Jesus, he is weeping,
 Weeping on the cold, damp ground.

HYMN.—Go when the morning shineth,
 Go when the moon is bright,
 Go when the eve declineth,
 Go in the hush of night.

Down in that garden, &c.

2 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, &c.

—

107

L. M.

OH! the bleeding Lamb, oh! the bleeding
 Lamb,
 Oh! the bleeding Lamb, he was found worthy.

HYMN.—Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He was found worthy,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon,
 He was found worthy.

Oh! the bleeding Lamb, &c.

2 His track I see, and I'll pursue,
 He was found worthy,
 The narrow way, till him I view,
 He was found worthy.

Oh! the bleeding Lamb, &c.

3 Of him who did salvation bring,
 He was found worthy,
 I could forever think and sing,
 He was found worthy.

Oh ! the bleeding Lamb, &c.

108

L. M.

ATONEMENT.

OH yes, O yes, it was for you that Jesus
 died,
 Oh yes, oh yes, it was for you that Jesus died.

HYMN.—It's when I hated all my sins,
 It was for you that Jesus died,
 My dear Redeemer took me in,
 It was for you that Jesus died.

Oh yes, Oh yes, &c.

2 And with his blood he washed me
 clean,
 It was for you that Jesus died,
 And oh, what seasons I have seen !
 It was for you that Jesus died.

Oh yes, oh yes, &c.

109

P. M.

JESUS, the Jews they crucified him,
 Jesus, the babe of Bethlehem.

HYMN.—Oh, the Jews they crucified him,
 The babe of Bethlehem,
 Oh, the Jews they crucified him,
 The babe of Bethlehem.

Jesus, the Jews they crucified, &c.

2 The grave it could not hold him,
 The babe of Bethlehem,
 The grave it could not hold him,
 The babe of Bethlehem.

Jesus, the Jews they crucified, &c.

3 He burst the bars asunder,
 The babe of Bethlehem,
 He burst the bars asunder,
 The babe of Bethlehem.

Jesus, the Jews they crucified, &c.

—

110

L. M.

I LOVE the Lord, for he first loved me,
 And he died on the cross for sinners. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—He dies—the friend of sinners dies—
 And he died on the cross for sinners,
 Lo, Salem's daughters weep around,
 And he died on the cross for sinners.

I love the Lord, &c.

- 2 Come saints and drop a tear or two,
 And he died on the cross for sinners,
 For him who groaned beneath your
 load,
 And he died on the cross for sinners.

I love the Lord, &c.



CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

111

P. M.

STRIVING, still striving for my soul,
 And I wonder if I'll ever get to heaven.

HYMN.—Pray on, brother, hold on, brother,
 Heaven is a happy place.
 Don't be discouraged.

Striving, still striving, &c.

- 2 Pray on, sister, hold out longer, m
 Heaven is a happy place,
 Don't be discouraged.

Striving, still striving, &c.

- 3 Pray on, leader, pray on, leader, &c.
 4 Pray on, mourner, pray on, mourner.

112

P. M.

I AM bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Oh, Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.

HYMN.—Come thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

I am bound, &c.

113

P. M.

I'M in war, I'm in war, I'm in war with
Satan,
I'm in war, I'm in war, till that day. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Oh! christians, don't get weary,
weary,
Oh! christians, don't get weary, till
that day.

I'm in war, I'm in war, &c.

2 I'll meet you in the kingdom, king-
dom,
I'll meet you in the kingdom, in
that day,

I'm in war, I'm in war, &c.

3 Religion makes me happy, &c.

114

P. M.

I'VE listed in the army, with a firm resolution,
In spite of opposition to glory I will go.
[Rep.]

HYMN.—When I set out for glory,
I left the world behind,
Determined for a city,
That's out of sight to find.

I've listed in the army, &c.

115

L. M.

I FEEL like dying in the army of the Lord,
I feel like dying in the army. [Rep.]

HYMN.—Then will I tell to sinners round,
I feel like dying in the army,
What a dear Saviour I have found,
I feel like dying in the army.

I feel like dying, &c.

2 Farewell, vain world, I'm going
home, &c.

116

L. M.

I WANT to live a christian here,
 I want to die a shouting,
 I want to feel my Saviour near,
 When soul and body's parting.

HYMN.—Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
 Oh ! Glory, Hallelujah !
 He whom I fix my hopes upon,
 Oh ! Glory, Hallelujah !
 I want to live a christian here, &c.

117

L. M.

PRAY on, pray on, ye true believing souls,
 You'll wear a robe in glory by and by.
 [Rep.]

HYMN.—My suffering times will soon be o'er,
 You'll wear a robe in glory by and
 by,
 Then shall I sigh and weep no more,
 You'll wear a robe in glory by and
 by.

Pray on, pray on, &c.

118

P. M.

DIE in the field of battle,
 Die in the field of battle,
 Die in the field of battle,
 Fighting for a crown.

HYMN.—My brother he is gone,
 To join the happy throng,
 For he died in the arms of Jesus.

Die in the field of battle, &c.

2 My father he is gone, &c.

3 My mother she is gone, &c.

119

L. M.

WHY he has been with us, and he still is
 with us,
 Says he will go with us, to the end.

HYMN.—Bless God, I'm on my journey home,
 Says he will go with us, to the end,
 Though in this wilderness I roam,
 Says he will go with us to the end.

Why he has been with us, &c.

2 Ten thousand foes do me surround,
 Says he will go with us, to the end.
 Yet Jesus will them all confound,
 Says he will go with us, to the end.

Why he has been with us, &c.

3 Though earth and hell my soul with-
 stand,
 Says he will go with us, to the end.

Yet I shall gain the better land,
Says he will go with us, to the end.

Why he has been with us, &c.

4 The cloudy pillar guides the way,
Says he will go with us, to the end,
A fire by night, a shade by day,
Says he will go with us, to the end.

Why he has been with us, &c.

120

L. M.

BUT Jesus, Jesus is my friend, oh, Halle-
lujah;
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend.

HYMN.—Prove faithful then a few more
days;
Fight the good fight and win the
race;
And then thy soul with me shall
reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain.

But Jesus, &c.

121

C. M.

WE'LL pray all around the altar,
We'll pray all around the altar,
We'll pray all around the altar,
The Lord will answer our prayer.

HYMN.—Am I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ;
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name ?

We'll pray all around, &c.

122

L. M.

I'M a soldier for Jesus,
 I've listed in the war,
 And I'll fight until I die. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—I never will give up my shield,
 I'll die a fighting in the field.

I'm a soldier for Jesus, &c.

2 Pray on, pray on, we're gaining
 ground,
 The power of the Lord is coming
 down.

I'm a soldier for Jesus, &c.

123

L. M.

WRESTLE on, wrestle on,
 You shall gain the victory,
 Wrestle on, wrestle on,
 You shall gain the day.

HYMN.—It's just before the break of day,
 You shall gain the victory,
 When Jesus washed my sins away,
 You shall gain the day.

Wrestle on, &c.

2 Our conflicts here will soon be past,
 We shall gain the victory,
 And you and I ascend at last,
 We shall gain the day.

Wrestle on, &c.

124

L. M.

WE'LL all unite in heavenly union,
 We'll all unite in solemn prayer. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Our suffering times will soon be o'er,
 Then shall I sigh and weep no more.

We'll all unite, &c.

2 To patient faith the prize is sure,
 And all that to the end endure.

We'll all unite, &c.

125

L. M.

YEA, Lord, amen, this warfare
 Will be ended by and by. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Come on my partners in distress,
 This warfare will be ended by and by,
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 This warfare will be ended by and by.

Yea, Lord, &c.

126

L. M.

O ISRAEL, who's on the Lord's side?
 O Israel, who's on the Lord's side?

HYMN.—He died for you, and he died for me,
 Who's on the Lord's side?
 He died to set poor sinners free,
 Who's on the Lord's side?

O Israel, &c.

127

P. M.

BE watchful, be watchful,
 Be watchful, and beware. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—When I set out for glory,
 I left the world behind,
 Determined for a city,
 That's out of sight to find.

Be watchful, &c.

128

L. M.

CRYING, Amen, fight on till the warfare's
ended, Hallelujah !
Crying, Amen, fight on till the warfare's
ended, Hallelujah !

HYMN.—There we'll walk up the golden streets,
When the warfare's ended, Hallelujah !
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
When the warfare's ended, Hallelujah !

Crying, Amen, &c.

2 And when we land on that blest
shore,
When the warfare's ended, Hallelujah !
There we'll encamp forever more,
When the warfare's ended, Hallelujah !

Crying, Amen, &c.

129

L. M.

SEND the sanctifying power in the army
of the Lord,
Send the sanctifying power in the army.

HYMN.—I have listed and I mean to fight,
 Send the sanctifying power in the
 army,
 Until my foes are put to flight,
 Send the sanctifying power in the
 army.

 Send the sanctifying power, &c.

2 Fight on, fight on, we're gaining
 ground,
 Send the sanctifying power in the
 army,
 The power of the Lord is coming
 down,
 Send the sanctifying power in the
 army.

 Send the sanctifying power, &c.

130

P. M.

COME over, come over,
 Come over now,
 We're going to join the angels,
 Going to the promised land. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—King Jesus is our captain,
 Then come over now,
 We're going to join the angels,
 Going to the promised land. [*Rep.*]

 Come over, &c.

2 There's room enough in heaven,
Then come over now,
We're going to join the angels,
Going to the promised land.

Come over, &c.

131

L. M.

TRAVEL on, believers, travel on,
I expect to join the army by and by,
Travel on, believers, travel on,
I expect to join the army by and by.

HYMN.—Oh, pray for me, I'll pray for you,
I expect to join the army by and by,
For that's the way the christians do,
I expect to join the army by and by.

Travel on, believers, &c.

2 The mercy comes in with a free good
will, &c.

132

P. M.

I'M bound, I'm bound for the new Jerusalem,
I'm bound to die in the army. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—King Jesus is our captain,
List in the field of battle,
With your shield in your hand,
I'm bound to die in the army. [*Rep.*]

I'm bound, I'm bound, &c.

2 There's room enough in heaven,
List in the field of battle,
With your shield in your hand,
I'm bound to die in the army. [*Rep.*]

I'm bound, I'm bound, &c.

3 I'll meet you in the kingdom, &c.



133

L. M.

FIGHT on, fight on, ye faithful souls,
You shall wear a crown in glory by and
by.

HYMN.—Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
You shall wear a crown in glory by
and by,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
You shall wear a crown in glory by
and by.

Fight on, fight on, &c.

- 2 To patient hope the prize is sure,
You shall wear a crown in glory by
and by,
And all that to the end endure,
You shall wear a crown in glory by
and by.

Fight on, fight on, &c.

134

L. M.

SHOUT, shout, we're gaining ground,
O Halle, Hallelujah !
The power of the Lord is coming down,
O Halle, Hallelujah ! [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—I'll tell you when I feel the best,
O Halle, Hallelujah !
It's when my soul has just been blest,
O Halle, Hallelujah !

Shout, shout, &c.

- 2 I was but young, when I begun,
O Halle, Hallelujah !
But now my race is almost run,
O Halle, Hallelujah !

Shout, shout, &c.

HYMN.—Ye valiant souls for heaven contend,
I want to die in the good old way,
Remember glory's at the end,
I want to die in the good old way.
For the good old way, &c.

2 Our God will wipe all tears away,
I want to die in the good old way,
When we have run the good old
way,
I want to die in the good old way.
For the good old way, &c.

3 O good old way, how sweet thou art!
I want to die in the good old way,
May none of us from thee depart,
I want to die in the good old way.
For the good old way, &c.

4 But may our actions always say,
I want to die in the good old way,
We are marching in the good old
way,
I want to die in the good old way.
For the good old way, &c.

137

P. M.

WE'RE going down to Jordan,
And we've got no time to tarry,
We're going down to Jordan,
The seas give way.

HYMN.—Oh ! brother, ain't you glad,
 You ever joined the army ?
 Oh ! brother, are you glad,
 The seas gave way ?

We're going down, &c.

2 Oh ! sister, ain't you glad,
 You ever joined the army ?
 Oh ! sister, are you glad,
 The seas gave way ?

We're going down, &c.

138

L. M.

I'LL praise God until I die,
 I'll praise God until I die,
 I'll praise God until I die,
 And walk the heavenly road.

HYMN.—I've listed and I mean to fight,
 Until my foes are put to flight,
 It takes a valiant soldier,
 To walk the heavenly road.

I'll praise God, &c.

2 O shout ye children, shout, you're free,
 For Christ has bought your liberty;
 It takes a valiant soldier,
 To walk the heavenly road.

I'll praise God, &c.

139

P. M.

WE are on our road passing over,
Move along,
We are on our road passing over,
Move along.

HYMN.—I think we shall get over,
Move along,
King Jesus is our captain,
Move along,
I think we shall get over,
Move along,
King Jesus is our captain,
Move along.

We are on our road, &c.

2 Oh ! this is not my Canaan,
Move along
My Canaan's over Jordan,
Move along
Oh ! this is not my Canaan,
Move along,
My Canaan's over Jordan,
Move along.

We are on our road, &c.

140

P. M.

HAPPY day when we get home,
Soldiers of the jubilee,
Happy day when we get home,
Soldiers of the cross.

2 Religion's good as ever,
 Why will you stay,
 I'm sorry for to leave you,
 I hope to gain the day.

O victory, &c.

143

L. M.

I WILL be in this band,
 When the Lord doth appear,
 I will be in this band, Hallelujah! [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Come on my partners in distress,
 I will be in this band, Hallelujah!
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 I will be in this band, Hallelujah!

I will be in this band, &c.

144

4 lines 7's.

WE'LL tear the powers of Satan down,
 They that conquer shall wear the
 crown,
 They that conquer shall wear the crown,
 And by their Father's side sit down.

HYMN.—Children of the heavenly King,
 As we journey let us sing ;
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

We'll tear the powers, &c.

145

P. M.

WE'LL wait, we'll wait,
 We'll wait for the victory,
 We'll wait, we'll wait,
 The year of jubilee.

HYMN.—O when shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above,
 To drink the flowing fountain,
 Of everlasting love ?

We'll wait, &c.

146

C. M.

I CANNOT tarry here, my Lord,
 I cannot tarry here,
 The gospel calls for volunteers,
 I cannot tarry here.

HYMN.—Am I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ;
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name ?

I cannot tarry here, &c.

147

C. M.

(O) COME and join our pilgrim band,
 Our toils and triumphs share,
 We soon shall reach that happy land,
 And rest forever there.

HYMN.—There is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign,
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

O come and join, &c.

148

P. M.

TRAVEL on, travel on,
 Soldiers of the jubilee,
 Travel on, travel on,
 Soldiers of the cross.

HYMN.—There's a better day a coming,
 Soldiers of the jubilee,
 There's a better day a coming,
 Soldiers of the cross.

Travel on, travel on, &c.

2 Oh, do not be discouraged,
 Soldiers of the jubilee,
 Oh, do not be discouraged,
 Soldiers of the cross.

Travel on, travel on, &c.

PATIENCE AND RESIGNATION.

149

L. M.

DON'T get weary, don't weary, don't weary,
We'll pass over Jordan by and by.

HYMN.—Come on my partners in distress,
We'll pass over Jordan by and by,
My comrades through this wilderness,
We'll pass over Jordan by and by.

Don't get weary, &c.

2 To patient faith the prize is sure, &c.

3 Who suffer with our Master here.

150

L. M.

THERE is a rest remains, there is a rest
remains,
There is a rest remains for the people of God.

HYMN.—I have some friends that's gone be-
fore,

With the people of God,
They're happy on the other shore,
With the people of God.

There is a rest remains, &c.

2 While here a stranger far from home,
 With the people of God,
 Affliction's waves around me foam,
 With the people of God.

There is a rest remains, &c.

151

L. M.

LET us walk in the Light,
 Walk in the Light,
 Walk in the Light, in the Light of God.

HYMN.—Come on my partners in distress,
 In the Light, in the Light,
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel.

Let us walk in the Light, &c.

2 To patient faith the prize is sure,
 In the Light, in the Light,
 And all that to the end endure
 The cross, shall wear the crown.

Let us walk in the Light, &c.

152

P. M.

HOME, home, sweet, sweet, home,
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory,
 my home.

HYMN.—While here in the valley of conflicts
 I stay,
 Oh, give me submission, and strength
 as my day,
 In all my afflictions to thee would I
 come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious
 home.

Home, home, &c.

2 When I set out for glory, I left this
 world behind,
 Determined for a city that's out of
 sight to find.
 I left my worldly honour, I left my
 worldly fame,
 I left my young companions, and
 with them my good name.

Home, home, &c.

153

P. M.

IF the world is dark before thee,
 All thy soul with terror fill,
 If the billows, rolling o'er thee,
 Hear him saying, Peace, be still.

HYMN.—Jesus knows your silent weeping,
 When before his throne you bow,
 Never, never, is he sleeping,
 Where he reigns in glory now.

If the world, &c.

154

L. M.

O STAND the storm, it won't be long,
We'll anchor by and by. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Our troubles and our trials here,
We'll anchor by and by,
Will only make us richer there,
We'll anchor by and by.
O stand the storm, &c.

2 To patient faith the prize is sure,
We'll anchor by and by,
And all that to the end endure,
We'll anchor by and by.
O stand the storm, &c.

155

L. M.

TAKE up your cross and pray, children,
Take up your cross and pray,
Take up your cross and pray, children,
Take up your cross and pray.

HYMN.—Prayer makes the darkest clouds
withdraw,
Then take up your cross and pray,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Then take up your cross and pray.
Take up your cross, &c.

- 2 Refrain to pray, you cease to fight,
 Then take up your cross and pray,
 Prayer makes the christian's armour
 bright,
 Then take up your cross and pray.
 Take up your cross, &c.
-

156

P. M.

OH, children, be engaged,
 Oh, be engaged, children,
 Children, be engaged,
 Good Lord, is this the way?

HYMN.—Oh, run up, children, get your crown,
 And by your Saviour sit down,
 Oh, run up, children, get your crown,
 Glory, Hallelujah!

Oh, children, be engaged, &c.

157

L. M.

LET us be engaged, be engaged, Hallelujah!
 Let us be engaged, we'll soon be gone,
 Hallelujah!

HYMN.—A little longer here below, Hallelujah!
 And then away to glory go, Hallelujah!

Let us be engaged, &c.

- 2 Our troubles and our trials here,
Hallelujah !
Will only make us richer there, Hal-
lelujah !

Let us be engaged, &c.

158

P. M.

I'M going up, going up, going up,
Through many a trial,
I'm going up, going up,
I'm travelling to the grave.

HYMN.—My home is over Jordan ;
My home is over Jordan ;
My home is over Jordan ;
I'm travelling to the grave.

I'm going up, &c.

- 2 I'll meet you in the kingdom, &c.

- 3 Oh ! brother, will you meet me ? &c.
-

159

P. M.

DON'T get weary, don't get weary,
Don't get weary, on your way.

HYMN.—Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.

Don't get weary, &c.

160

L. M.

THEN don't let us talk about suffering
 here,
 Let us talk about loving Jesus. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—My suffering times will soon be o'er,
 Oh! Glory, Hallelujah!
 Then shall I sigh and weep no more,
 Oh! Glory, Hallelujah!

Then don't let us talk, &c.

2 To patient faith the prize is sure,
 Oh! Glory, Hallelujah!
 And all that to the end endure,
 Oh! Glory, Hallelujah!

Then don't let us talk, &c.

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

161

C. M.

THAT blissful place is my father-land,
 By faith its delights I explore,
 Come favour my flight, angelic band,
 And waft me in peace to the shore.

HYMN.—There is a place where I hope to live,
 When life and its labours are o'er,
 A place which the Lord to me will
 give,
 And then I shall sorrow no more.

That blissful place, &c.

2 No chilling winds nor poisonous
 breath, &c.

3 When shall I reach that happy
 place? &c.

162

P. M.

LOVE OF GOD.

IT'S a flowing from the fountain, O Glory!
 It's a flowing from the fountain,
 It's running like a stream.

HYMN.—I soon shall see my Saviour, O Glory!
 I soon shall see my Saviour,
 And it is so sweet.

It's a flowing from the fountain, &c.

2 Farewell to all my trials, O Glory!

3 I expect to live forever, O Glory! &c.

4 My brother says he's happy, O
 Glory! &c.

5 My sister says she's happy, O Glory!

6 The mourner may be happy, O
 Glory, &c.

163

P. M.

FOR oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over,
 And there upon the shining shore,
 We see them safe forever.

HYMN.—We'll gird our loins, my brethren
 dear,
 Our distant home discerning,
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning.

For oh, we stand, &c.

2 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
 Each chord on earth to sever,
 Our King says, Come, and there's
 our home,
 Forever, oh, forever !

For oh, we stand, &c.

164

L. M.

WE'RE going home, we're going home,
 We're going home, to die no more.
 [Rep.]

HYMN.—My suffering times will soon be o'er,
 Then shall I sigh and weep no more.

We're going home, &c.

2 Farewell, vain world, I'm going
 home,
 My Saviour smiles, and bids me come.

We're going home, &c:

165

P. M.

WHEN this poor body lies mouldering in
 the tomb,
 When this poor body lies mouldering in the
 tomb,
 When this poor body lies mouldering in the
 tomb,

My soul's safe at home.

HYMN.—Oh ! brother, will you meet me?
 Oh ! brother, will you meet me ?
 Oh ! brother, will you meet me ?
 My soul's marching home.

When this poor body, &c.

2 Oh ! sister, will you meet me ? &c.

3 Oh ! leader, will you meet me ? &c.

4 Oh ! mourner, will you meet me ? &c.

5 Oh ! brother, will you meet me ? &c.
 On Canaan's happy shore.

6 On Jordan's stormy bank I stand, &c.

166

L. M.

WE'LL wait till Jesus comes,
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 And we'll be carried home.

HYMN.—I have some friends that's gone be-
 fore,
 And we'll be carried home,
 They're happy on the other shore,
 And we'll be carried home.

We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

- 2 There we'll walk the golden streets,
And we'll be carried home,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
And we'll be carried home.

We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

167

P. M.

ON the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
And I'll rest there too.

HYMN.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
And there is rest for you.

On the other side, &c.

- 2 There is rest for the christian, &c.
3 There is rest for my brethren, &c.
4 There is rest for my sister, &c.
5 There is rest for the mourner, &c.

168

C. M.

WEEP no more, oh ! my friends,
Weep no more for me ;
Though we part for awhile,
We will soon meet again,
We will soon meet again, farewell !

HYMN.—Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

Weep no more, &c.

169

C. M.

THERE you'll sing, Hallelujah !
When we arrive at home,
There I'll sing, Hallelujah !
All around our Father's throne.

HYMN.—When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies ;
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

There you'll sing. &c.

170

C. M.

THIS world is not my home,
This world is not my home,

This world's a wilderness of wo,
This world is not my home. /

HYMN.—No chilling winds, or poisonous
breath,
Can reach that healthful shore,
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

This world, &c.

2 There everlasting spring abides, &c.

171

L. M.

TROUBLE'S over, all over,
And then our troubles will be over,
Trouble's over, all over,
And then our troubles will be over.

HYMN.—My suffering times will soon be o'er,
And then our troubles will be over ;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more,
And then our troubles will be over.

Trouble's over, all over, &c.

2 My ransomed soul shall soar away,
And then our troubles will be over,
To sing God's praise in endless day,
And then our troubles will be over.

Trouble's over, all over, &c.

172

L. M.

WE have but the one more river to cross,
 And then we'll sing, Hosanna !
 We have but the one more river to cross,
 And then we'll sing, Hosanna !

HYMN.—Farewell, vain world, I'm going
 home,
 And then we'll sing, Hosanna !
 My Saviour smiles, and bids me come,
 And then we'll sing, Hosanna !

We have but the one, &c.

2 Bright angels beckon me away,
 And then we'll sing, Hosanna !
 To sing God's praise in endless day,
 And then we'll sing, Hosanna !

We have but the one, &c.

173

C. M.

I'LL never come back any more,
 I'll never come back any more,
 I'll ride in the golden chariot in the morning,
 I'll never come back any more.

HYMN.—On Jordan's stormy bank I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

I'll never come, &c.

174

P. M.

THEN we'll march around Jerusalem,
We'll march around Jerusalem,
We'll march around Jerusalem,
When we arrive at home.

HYMN.—Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.

Then we'll march, &c.

2 When I set out for glory, &c.

175

L. M.

THEN we'll cross the river of Jordan,
Happy, happy,
We'll cross the river of Jordan,
Happy in the Lord

HYMN.—Farewell, vain world, I'm going
home,
Happy, happy,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come,
Happy in the Lord.

Then we'll cross the river, &c.

177 L. M.

OH, glory ! oh, Glory !
 There's room enough in Paradise.
 For all a home in glory. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—I have some friends that's gone be-
 fore,

I have a home in glory ;
 They're happy on the other shore,
 I have a home in glory.

Oh, glory ! oh, glory ! &c.

2 Farewell, vain world, I'm going
 home,

I have a home in glory ;
 My Saviour smiles and bids me come,
 I have a home in glory.

Oh, glory ! oh, glory ! &c.

3 When from this earthly prison free,
 I have a home in glory ;
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be,
 I have a home in glory.

Oh, glory ! oh, glory ! &c.

178 C. M.

I WANT to go, I want to go, I want to go
 there too,
 I want to go where Jesus is, I want to go
 there too

HYMN.—Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall,
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

I want to go, &c.

2 There I shall bathe my weary soul.

179

L. M.

AWAY over Jordan, view the land, view
 the land,
 Away over Jordan, view the promised land.

HYMN.—I have some friends that's gone be-
 fore,
 View the land, view the land,
 They're happy on the other shore,
 View the promised land.

Away over Jordan, &c.

2 Farewell, vain world, I'm going
 home,
 View the land, view the land,
 My Saviour smiles and bids me come,
 View the promised land.

Away over Jordan, &c.

180

L. M.

O CANAAN, bright Canaan !
 I'm bound for the land of Canaan ;
 O Canaan, it is my happy home,
 I'm bound for the land of Canaan.

HYMN.—Come on my partners in distress,
 I'm bound for the land of Canaan,
 My comrades through this wilderness,
 I'm bound for the land of Canaan.

O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

181

P. M.

O H, had I wings, I would fly away, and be
 at rest,
 I would praise God in his bright abode. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—O when shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above,
 And from that flowing fountain,
 Drink everlasting love ?

Oh, had I wings, &c.

182

L. M.

WE'RE a going, we're a going,
 To the new Jerusalem,
 We're a travelling to a city out of sight.
 [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Farewell, vain world, I'm going
home,
We're a travelling to a city out of
sight,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come,
We're a travelling to a city out of
sight.

We're a going, &c.

2 Bright angels are from glory come,
We're a travelling to a city out of
sight,
Around my bed there in my room.
We're a travelling to a city out of
sight.

We're a going, &c.

183

P. M.

AND oh, there is rest, and oh, there is rest,
And oh, there is rest, there is rest.

HYMN.—Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I'll bid them all adieu,
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

And oh, there is rest, &c.

2 And if you meet with troubles, &c.

3 Gird on the heavenly armour, &c.

184

L. M.

O HAIL, happy day !
When we get home,
We'll have a shout in glory. [Rep.]

HYMN.—I am glad that I am born to die,
Oh ! Glory, Hallelujah !
From grief and wo my soul shall fly,
Oh ! Glory, Hallelujah

O hail, happy day, &c.

185

L. M.

O HAPPY day when we get home,
To have a shout around God's throne !
We'll never come back any more. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—I love the Lord, I know I do,
My brother says he loves him too,
We'll never come back any more.

O happy day, &c.

186

P. M.

YOU have a right up yonder too,
You have a right up yonder too,
You have a right to the tree of life;
And don't you want to go?

HYMN.—Pray on sister, pray on sister,
Pray on sister, oh, don't you want
to go?

You have a right, &c.

2 Pray on brother, pray on brother,

3 Pray on leader, pray on leader, &c.

4 There's no sinning, there's no sighing,
There's no sorrow, oh, don't you
want to go?

You have a right, &c.

5 There's no weeping, there's no part-
ing,
There's no dying, oh, don't you want
to go?

You have a right, &c.

6 There all are holy, there all are holy,
There all are happy, oh, don't you
want to go?

You have a right, &c.

PILGRIMS' HOME.

WE'LL join the pilgrim band,
And home to glory go,
We're travelling to a better land,
My home is not below. [Rep.]

HYMN.—On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

We'll join the pilgrim band, &c.

188

P. M.

WE are travelling home to heaven,
We are travelling home to heaven,
We are travelling home to heaven,
Unto that better land.

CHORUS.—When you reach the plains of glory,
Take your harp and tell the story,
Of a dear Redeemer's passion,
Unto a ruined race.

2 We are fighting 'neath the banner, [*Rep.*]
Of King Immanuel.

When you reach the plains, &c.

3 We have had our sins forgiven, [*Rep.*]
Through Jesus' pardoning blood.

When you reach the plains, &c.

4 Sinners, won't you join the army, [*Rep.*]
Of King Immanuel?

When you reach the plains, &c.

5 We're to get a goodly portion, [*Rep.*]
When the last victory's won.

When you reach the plains, &c.

189

C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
On the other side of Jordan, Hallelujah!
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie,
On the other side of Jordan, Hallelujah!

CHORUS.—On the other side, of Jordan, Hal-
lelujah!
On the other side of Jordan, Hal-
lelujah! [*Rep.*]

2 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore,
On the other side of Jordan, Hallelujah! &c.

190

L. M.

FOR I still feel I'm bound,
For I still feel I'm bound,
For I still feel I'm bound for glory.

HYMN.—I am glad that I am born to die,
For I still feel I'm bound for glory,
From grief and wo my soul shall fly,
For I still feel I'm bound for glory.

For I still feel, &c.

191

L. M.

I WANT to go to heaven, when I die, when
I die,
I want to go to heaven, when I die. [Rep.]

HYMN.—My suffering times will soon be o'er,
I want to go to heaven when I die,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more,
I want to go to heaven when I die.

I want to go to heaven, &c.

2 To patient faith the prize is sure,
I want to go to heaven when I die,
And all that to the end endure,
I want to go to heaven when I die.

I want to go to heaven, &c.

192

L. M.

O GLORY! sing the song of redeeming
love,
O glory! sing the song of redeeming love.

HYMN.—Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
 Sing the song of redeeming love.
 He whom I fix my hopes upon,
 Sing the song of redeeming love.

O glory ! sing the song, &c.

2 We are travelling home to God,
 Sing the song of redeeming love.
 In the way our fathers trod,
 Sing the song of redeeming love.

O glory ! sing the song, &c.

3 I love the Lord, I know I do, &c.

193

4 lines 7's.

WHEN we reach that happy shore,
 Where sin and sorrow are no more ;
 We'll praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
[Rep.]

HYMN.—Lord, obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below,
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

When we reach, &c.

2 Children of the heavenly King, &c.

194

C. M.

SWEET HOPE.

IT is the hope, the blissful hope,
 That Jesus' grace has given,
 The hope when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven.

HYMN.—Hail, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
 Our glowing hearts in one ;
 Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our
 minds
 To harmony divine.

It is the hope, &c.

2 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
 Our future meeting knows,
 There friendship beams from every
 eye,
 And hope immortal grows.

It is the hope, &c.

195

C. M.

HOIST every sail, to catch the gale,
 Each sailor apply the oar,
 The night begins to wear away,
 We soon shall reach the shore.

HYMN.—We have nailed our colours to the
mast,
And solemnly do declare,
We never more our flag will strike,
While Jesus answers prayer.

Hoist every sail, &c.

2 And are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
We cannot fear, the Lord is here,
Our Father's at the helm.

Hoist every sail, &c.

3 When all the storms of life are past,
And we the port obtain,
We'll praise the Lamb in nobler
strains,
Who died and rose again.

Hoist every sail, &c.

IF ever I reach my Father's bright shore,
I'll never come back to this world any
more,

HYMN.—When we land on that blest shore,
We'll encamp forever more,
How we'll shout, and how we'll sing !
We'll make the upper arches ring.

If ever I reach, &c.

197

L. M.

WE'RE going up to heaven, where it is
so happy,
O Halle, Halle, Hallelujah !
We're going up to heaven, where it is so
happy,
O Halle, Halle, Hallelujah !

HYMN.—I'll praise my Maker while I've
breath,
O Halle, Halle, Hallelujah !
And when my voice is lost in death,
O Halle, Halle, Hallelujah !

We're going up, &c.

198

S. M.

THERE'LL be no parting there,
There'll be no parting there,
In heaven alone no sorrow is known,
There'll be no parting there.

HYMN.—Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

There'll be no parting there, &c.

199

C. M.

I'M bound for home, for my blissful home,
The home and the city above ;
And all who forsake their sins may come,
And dwell in that city of love.

HYMN.—I seek a place which is out of sight,
A city high up in the skies,
There, there is my home, all pure
and bright,
And homeward my spirit still hies.

I'm bound for home, &c.

2 I seek a place where they sin no more,
Where Satan my foe cannot lure,
And oh ! when I reach that blessed
shore,
My soul is forever secure.

I'm bound for home, &c.

200

L. M.

OH come and go along with me,
 Along with me, along with me,
 Oh come and go along with me,
 Away to the promised land.

HYMN.—Come sinners to the gospel feast,
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
 Ye need not one be left behind,
 For God hath bidden all mankind.

Oh come and go, &c.

201

L. M.

ROLL on, roll on, sweet moments, roll on,
 And let the poor pilgrim go home, go
 home. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found,
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, Behold the way to God !

Roll on, roll on, &c.

202

P. M.

MY home is over Jordan,
 O glory be to God !

There you shall have a sure hiding place that
 day,
 When the rocks and the mountains
 Shall all flee away,
 There you shall have a sure hiding place that
 day.

2 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 O glory be to God ! &c.

3 Oh, do not be discouraged, &c.

203

P. M.

I WILL go, I will go, I will go to heaven ;
 I will go, I will go in that day.

HYMN.—Oh ! brother, will you meet me, meet
 me ?

Oh ! brother, will you meet me in
 that day ?

I will go, &c.

2 Oh ! sister, will you meet me ? &c.

3 I'm glad I've got religion, &c.

4 Oh ! sinner, will you meet me ? &c.

204

L. M.

OH, the blessed, happy land,
Where the saints in glory stand,
Where there's no more stormy winds arising !

HYMN.—My suffering times will soon be o'er,
Where there's no more stormy winds
arising,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more,
Where there's no more stormy winds
arising.

Oh, the blessed, &c.

205

L. M.

FOR heaven is my home,
My journey I'll pursue,
I never will turn back,
While heaven's in my view.

HYMN.—Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
I never will turn back, while heaven's
in my view,
He whom I fix my hopes upon,
I never will turn back, while heaven's
in my view.

For heaven is my home, &c.

206

L. M.

SOME a singing, some a shouting,
When we get in the New Jerusalem.

HYMN.—Then we'll march up the heavenly
streets,

When we get in the New Jerusalem,
We'll ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
When we get in the New Jerusalem:

Some a singing, &c.

: —

207

L. M.

OH, glory ! how I long to go,
To hear the trumpet sound in the morning !

HYMN.—I know religion is the best,
I shall hear the trumpet sound in
the morning,
I've got the witness in my breast,
I shall hear the trumpet sound in
the morning.

Oh, glory ! how I long, &c.

—

208

P. M.

WE'LL soon be done with troubles here,
Troubles here, troubles here,
We'll soon be done with troubles here,
Going to live with God.

HYMN.—I'll expect to live forever,
I'll expect to live forever,
I'll expect to live forever,
Going to live with God.

We'll soon be done, &c.

2 I'll meet you in the kingdom, &c.

3 We'll walk, and talk with Jesus, &c.

4 We'll sing and shout with the angels.

209

L. M.

FOR the reaping time will surely come,
And christians all be gathered home,
[Rep.]

HYMN.—When we get home, we'll shout and
sing,
We'll make the heavenly arches ring,
And we'll march up the heavenly
streets,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

For the reaping time, &c.

210

L. M.

WE are travelling home, it won't be long,
Till we join with the angels around
God's throne.

HYMN.—This note above the rest shall swell,
We'll join with the angels around
God's throne,
My Jesus hath done all things well,
We'll join with the angels around
God's throne.

We are travelling home, &c.

2 My theme throughout eternity,
We'll join with the angels around
God's throne,
Shall glory, glory, glory, be,
We'll join with the angels around
God's throne.

We are travelling home, &c.

211

P. M.

PALMS of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory, we shall wear.

HYMN.—Don't you see my Jesus coming,
Don't you see him in yonder cloud,
With ten thousand saints around
him,
See how they do my Jesus crowd.

Palms of victory, &c.

2 There we'll range the fields of pleasure,
 By our dear Redeemer's side,
 Shouting, glory, glory, glory,
 While eternal ages glide.

Palms of victory, &c.



212

L. M.

FOR he has been with us,
 And he still is with us,
 Says he will go with us to the end.

HYMN.—Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
 Says he will go with us to the end,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon,
 Says he will go with us to the end.

For he has been with us, &c.

2 The more comes in with a free good will,
 Says he will go with us to the end,
 It makes the banquet sweeter still,
 Says he will go with us to the end.

For he has been with us, &c.

213

L. M.

THERE'S crowns above, there's crowns
 above,
 Glory to God ! there's crowns above,
 There's one for you, there's one for me,
 Glory to God ! there's crowns above.

HYMN.—A little longer here below,
 And then away to glory go.

There's crowns above, &c.

2 My ransomed soul shall soar away,
 To sing God's praise in endless day

There's crowns above, &c.

—

214

P. M.

CCROSS Jordan, cross Jordan, cross Jordan,
 And never return again. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Who suffer with our master here,
 Master here, Master here,
 We shall before his face appear,
 And by his side sit down.

Cross Jordan, &c.

2 To patient faith the prize is sure, &c.

3 I have some friends to glory gone,
They'll never return again. [*Rep.*]

215

P. M.

OH! he feeds on grace and glory, oh! he
feeds on grace and glory,
Oh! he feeds on grace and glory, where pleasure
never dies.

HYMN.—Oh! brother, will you meet me, meet
me, meet me?

Oh! brother, will you meet me,
where pleasure never dies?

Oh! he feeds, &c.

2 Oh! sister, will you meet me? &c.

3 Oh! mourner, will you meet me? &c.

4 I expect to live forever, &c.

216

C. M.

OH! heaven, sweet heaven,
Oh, heaven of the blest;
How I long to be there,
And its glory to share,
And to lean on Jesus' breast.

HYMN.—On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye,
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

Oh ! heaven, &c.

2 Cheerful we'll walk the road to bliss,
 Joined with the happy few,
 And when we reach our journey end,
 Find heaven forever new.

Oh ! heaven, &c.

217

P. M.

HOME, christians, home, your home is in
 the skies,
 Home, christians, home, your home is in the
 skies,
 A few more days in sorrow,
 And the Lord will call us home,
 To walk the golden streets,
 Of the new Jerusalem.

O when shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above,
 To drink the flowing fountain,
 Of everlasting love ?

Home, christians, home, &c.

218

L. M.

AND oh! if ever I reach my Father's
great house,
I'll never come back any more,
And oh! if ever I reach my Father's great
house,
I'll never come back any more.

HYMN.—If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I'm coming too,
I'll never come back any more.

And oh! if ever, &c.

2 How we'll shout, and how we'll sing!
We'll make the heavenly arches ring,
I'll never come back any more.

And oh! if ever, &c.

219

C. M.

OH, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
Oh, that will be joyful, to meet to part
no more,
To meet to part no more, on Canaan's happy
shore,
And sing the everlasting song with those who
have gone before.

HYMN.—How pleasant thus to dwell below,
 In fellowship of love ;
 And though we part, 'tis bliss to
 know,
 The good shall meet above.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

2 Yes, happy thought ; when we are
 free
 From earthly grief and pain,
 In heaven we shall each other see,
 And never part again.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

220

P. M.

MY dying day is coming,
 My dying day is coming,
 My dying day is coming,
 Make ready for to go.

HYMN.—I expect to get to heaven,
 I expect to get to heaven,
 I expect to get to heaven,
 I'm on my way.

My dying day is coming, &c.

2 Religion makes me happy, &c.

3 I think we shall get over, &c.

221

C. M.

WITH the land in view, then we'll journey
 on,
 And tell the pleasing story ;
 And when we reach fair Canaan's land,
 Then we'll all sing, Glory, glory !

HYMN.—There is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign,
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

With the land in view, &c.

222

L. M.

AND O yes, he is my Lord,
 And I'll shout, Glory !
 And O yes, he is my Lord,
 And I'll shout, Glory !

HYMN.—My Father's house is built on high,
 And I'll shout, Glory !
 Above the arched and starry sky,
 And I'll shout, Glory !

And O yes, he is my Lord, &c.

- 3 Then we'll walk up the golden streets,
 And I'll shout, Glory!
 And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
 And I'll shout, Glory!
 And O yes, he is my Lord, &c.
-

223

L. M.

WE'RE going, we're going, we're going,
 To the New Jerusalem,
 We're going, we're going, we're going,
 To the New Jerusalem.

HYMN.—When from this earthly prison free,
 We're going to the New Jerusalem,
 That heavenly mansion ours shall be,
 We're going to the New Jerusalem.

 We're going, we're going, &c.

- 2 Then we'll walk up the golden streets,
 We're going to the New Jerusalem,
 And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
 We're going to the New Jerusalem.

 We're going, we're going, &c.

224

L. M.

THERE'S good news, good news,
 The angels brought the tidings down;
 Good news, good news, coming from the
 throne.

HYMN.—Lift up your heads, Immanuel's
 friends,
 Good news, good news, coming from
 the throne,
 And take the pleasures Jesus sends,
 Good news, good news, coming from
 the throne.

There's good news, &c.

2 The more comes in with a free good
 will,
 Good news, good news, coming from
 the throne,
 It makes the banquet sweeter still,
 Good news, good news, coming from
 the throne.

There's good news, &c.

225

L. M.

WHAT a happy meeting up there, up
 there,
 Oh, what a happy meeting safe at home !

HYMN.—Then we'll walk up the golden streets,
 Up there, up there,
 And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
 Safe at home.

What a happy meeting, &c.

2 And when we land on that blest
shore,

Up there, up there,
There we'll encamp forever more,
Safe at home.

What a happy meeting, &c.

226

C. M.

OH, dear Jesus, oh, how long have I on
earth to stay!

Roll on, roll on, ye wheels of time,
That bear my soul away.

HYMN.—And when the icy arms of death,
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

Oh, dear Jesus, &c.

2 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away ;
But let me find my friends again,
In that eternal day.

Oh, dear Jesus, &c.

227

P. M.

FOR to see the Lamb in glory,
And the angels stand inviting ;
And the angels stand inviting ;
For to welcome the pilgrim home.

HYMN.—Through grace, I am determined
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly.

For to see the Lamb, &c.

2 When I set out for glory, &c.

—

228

C. M.

WHAT! never part again? No, never
part again ;
What! never part again? No, never part
again,
There we shall each other greet, and never
never part again.

HYMN.—When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?

What, never part again, &c.

2 When we've been there ten thousand
years, &c.

3 Together let us sweetly live, &c.

229

L. M.

GLORY, glory ! my body soon shall moulder
in the grave,
Glory, glory ! my body soon shall moulder in
the grave.

HYMN.—My ransomed soul shall soar away,
My body soon shall moulder in the
grave,
To sing God's praise in endless day,
My body soon shall moulder in the
grave,

Glory, glory, &c.

2 Who suffer with our Master here, &c.

230

P. M.

AWAY, away, leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne ;
Thy home is in yon world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

HYMN.—Cheer up, cheer up, the light breaks
 o'er thee,
 Bright as the summer's noontide
 ray,
 The starry crowns, and realms of
 glory,
 Invite thy happy soul away.

Away, away, &c.

2 Come thou fount of every blessing.

231

P. M.

I'LL drink when I am dry,
 I'll drink when I am dry,
 I'll drink from that fountain,
 That never runs dry.

HYMN.—A country I've found, where true
 joys abound,
 To dwell I'm determined, on that
 happy ground.
 I'll drink when I am dry, &c.

2 Oh, tell me no more of this vain
 world's store, &c.

232

P. M.

THEN we'll all shout, Glory ! for glory is his
own,
Then we'll all shout, Glory ! around our Fa-
ther's throne.

HYMN.—Oh, there we'll live forever,
Oh, don't you want to go along ?
Then ask my master Jesus,
To give you the wings to move
along.

Then we'll all shout, Glory ! &c.

2 There's room enough in heaven,
Oh, don't you want to go along ?
Then ask my master Jesus,
To give you the wings to move
along.

Then we'll all shout, Glory ! &c.

3 There's a better day a coming, &c.

233

L. M.

IN the morning, I'm going home,
In the morning, shout around his throne,
In the morning, I'm going home,
In the morning, shout around his throne.

HYMN.—We're happy here in clods of clay,
But what is that to endless day?

In the morning, &c.

2 Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there.

In the morning, &c.

3 If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I'm coming too.

In the morning, &c.



234

L. M.

WE are on our journey home, Hallelujah !
We are on our journey home, Hallelujah !

HYMN.—And when we land on that blest
shore,
We are on our journey home, Hallelujah !
There we'll encamp forever more,
We are on our journey home, Hallelujah !

We are on our journey, &c.

- 2 Oh, pray for me, I'll pray for you,
 We are on our journey home, Hal-
 lelujah!
 For that's the way the christians do,
 We are on our journey home, Hal-
 lelujah!

We are on our journey, &c.

235

C. M.

TUNE.—*I will believe.*

PRESS forward, press forward,
 The prize is in view,
 A crown of bright glory
 Is waiting for you.

HYMN.—Where all things are plenteous,
 And the leaves are growing green,
 Where the parting of christians
 No more shall be seen.

Press forward, &c.

- 2 No sickness, nor sorrow,
 Can enter that place;
 But there we shall join
 In the song of free grace.

Press forward, &c.

236

L. M.

WHEN we all rise together, how happy
we shall be,
When we cross over Jordan, we'll sound the
jubilee. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—And when we land on that blest
shore,
There we'll encamp forever more.
[*Rep.*]

When we all rise together, &c.

2 What makes me praise my Lord so
bold,
I've got religion in my soul.

When we all rise together, &c.

3 I have some friends to glory gone,
And I'm resolved to travel on.

When we all rise together, &c.

237

L. M.

LET us journey on, journey on, Hallelujah !
Let us journey on, we'll soon get home,
Hallelujah !

HYMN.—There we'll walk the golden streets,
 Hallelujah !
 And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
 Hallelujah !

Let us journey on, &c.

2 Run up children, get your crown,
 Hallelujah !
 And by your Saviour's side sit down,
 Hallelujah !

Let us journey on, &c.

238

L. M.

ON the other side of Jordan, Hallelujah !
 We'll be safe forever more, Hallelujah !

HYMN.—If you get there before I do,
 On the other side of Jordan, Hallelujah !
 Look out for me, I'm coming too,
 On the other side of Jordan, Hallelujah !

On the other side, &c.

2 Oh, here's my heart, and here's my
 hand,
 On the other side of Jordan, Hallelujah !

To meet you in that heavenly land,
On the other side of Jordan, Halle-
lujah !

On the other side, &c.

239

P. M.

LOOK up yonder, look up yonder,
View by faith the promised land,
Look up yonder, look up yonder,
View by faith the promised land.

HYMN.—Oh, this is not my Canaan,
View by faith the promised land,
Oh, this is not my Canaan,
View by faith the promised land,

Look up yonder, &c.

2 Oh, Jesus stands inviting, &c.

240

P. M.

AMEN, Amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there,
And claim my mansion there.

HYMN.—Oh, here's my heart, and here's my
 hand,
 To meet you in that heavenly land,
 Where we shall part no more,
 Where we shall part no more.

Amen, Amen, &c.

2 Come on my partners in distress, &c.

—

241

L. M.

I WILL be in this band, when the warfare
 is ended,
 I will be in this band, Hallelujah! [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—We're happy here in clods of clay,
 I will be in this band, Hallelujah!
 But what is that to endless day?
 I will be in this band, Hallelujah!

I will be in this band, &c.

2 I do believe without a doubt,
 I will be in this band, Hallelujah!
 The christiau has a right to shout,
 I will be in this band, Hallelujah!

I will be in this band, &c.

242

L. M.

FOR I hope to shout glory,
 When this world's on fire, Hallelujah!
 When this world's on fire, Hallelujah!
 For I hope to shout glory,
 When this world's on fire, Hallelujah!

HYMN.—O blessed day, O glorious hope,
 Oh! Glory, Hallelujah!
 My soul leaps forward at the thought,
 Oh! Glory, Hallelujah!

For I hope to shout glory, &c.

2 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, &c.

243

P. M.

OH! if I was there, Oh! if I was there,
 Oh! if I was there, I would shout around
 his throne.

HYMN.—Oh! there we'll live forever,
 Oh! there we'll live forever,
 Oh! there we'll live forever,
 When we arrive at home.

Oh! if I was there, &c.

2 I think we shall get over,
 I think we shall get over,
 I think we shall get over,
 Safe into the promised land.

Oh ! if I was there, &c.

244

P. M.

I'M happy, I'm happy,
 I'm happy in the Lord,
 And I don't want to stay forever here.

HYMN.—My mother she is gone,
 And she has left me here to mourn,
 And I don't want to stay forever
 here.

I'm happy, I'm happy, &c.

2 My father he is gone, &c.

3 My classmate he is gone, &c.

245

P. M.

THEN we shall be free, we shall be free,
 We shall be free, when the Lord doth ap-
 pear.

HYMN.—Then we'll go both soul and body,
For to live with God forever,
Then we'll go both soul and body,
When the Lord doth appear.

Then we shall be free, &c.

2 There's room enough in heaven, &c.

246

L. M.

COME, let us sing unto the Lord,
To the Lord God of hosts,
We will sing Jehovah's triumphs ;
His people are free.

HYMN.—I never shall forget that day,
When Jesus washed my sins away,

Come let us sing, &c.

2 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found.

Come let us sing, &c.

3 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God.

Come let us sing, &c.

247

P. M.

OH! we'll give him all the glory,
Shout, Oh, Glory!
Oh, we'll give him all the glory,
That sits upon the throne.

HYMN.—I hope to die a shouting,
Oh ! Glory, Hallelujah !
I hope to die a shouting,
With glory in my soul.

Oh, we'll give him all the glory, &c.

2 I feel the work reviving,
Oh! Glory, Hallelujah!
I feel the work reviving,
With glory in my soul.

Oh, we'll give him all the glory, &c.

248

L. M.

AND oh, there is glory,
And oh, there is glory,
And oh, there is glory,
We'll have a shout in glory.

HYMN.—Our conflicts here will soon be past,
 We'll have a shout in glory,
 And you and I ascend at last,
 We'll have a shout in glory.

And oh, there is glory, &c.

249

P. M.

HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!
 We are on our journey home,
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 We are on our journey home.

HYMN.—Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come,
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! &c.

250

L. M.

WHEN my soul's happy, I can sing,
 Good Lord, I'm on my journey home,
 When my soul's happy, I can sing,
 Good Lord, I'm on my journey home.

HYMN.—I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 Good Lord, I'm on my journey home,
 And say, Behold the way to God!
 Good Lord, I'm on my journey home.

When my soul's happy, &c.

251

L. M.

HAND in hand, to heaven let us go,
 Glory be to God, that rules on high:
[Rep.]

HYMN.—I never shall forget that day,
 Glory be to God that rules on high,
 When Jesus washed my sins away,
 Glory be to God that rules on high.

Hand in hand, &c.

252

C. M.

THERE you'll sing, Hallelujah!
 And I'll sing, Hallelujah!
 And we'll all sing, Hallelujah!
 In that sweet world above.

HYMN.—When we've been there ten thousand
 years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 We've no less days, to sing God's
 praise,
 Than when we first begun.

There you'll sing, &c.

253

P. M.

ENTER in, enter in, enter in, to my glory,
 Enter in, enter in, sit down at my right
 hand.

HYMN.—Oh ! there we'll live with Jesus,
 Oh ! there we'll live with Jesus,
 Oh ! there we'll live with Jesus,
 When we get to the promised land.

Enter in, enter in, &c.

2 I think we shall get over,
 I think we shall get over,
 I think we shall get over,
 Safe into the promised land.

Enter in, enter in, &c.

254

C. M.

WITH crowns in view, then we'll jour-
 ney on,

And tell the pleasing story,
 And when we land on that blest shore,
 We'll all sing, Glory, glory !

HYMN.—No chilling winds, or poisonous
 breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore,
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.

With crowns in view, &c.

3 Their souls and their bodies,
 Will then join in one,
 And each from their Saviour,
 Receive a bright crown.

Home to glory, &c.

257

P. M.

DON'T you hear the archangels singing,
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Don't you hear the archangels singing,
 Glory be to the new born King ?

HYMN.—My loving brother has gone to glory,
 He ofttimes told me to travel on.
 My loving brother has gone to glory,
 He ofttimes told me to travel on.

Don't you hear, &c.

2 My loving sister has gone, &c.

3 My loving father has gone, &c.

258

L. M.

SING, Glory, glory, to the Lamb !
 Throughout my soul I feel the flame,
 Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, roll on,
 And let these poor pilgrims go home, go
 home.

HYMN.—My Father's house is built on high,
 Above the arched and starry sky,
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

Sing, Glory, glory, &c.

259

P. M.

AND if ever I reach my Father's bright
 shore,
 Oh, I never, oh, I never will come back any
 more.

HYMN.—I expect to get to heaven,
 Where I'll meet you by and by,
 I expect to get to heaven,
 Where I'll meet you by and by.

And if ever I reach, &c.

2 There we'll live forever,
 And I'll meet you by and by, &c.

260

P. M.

O SWEET Canaan, O sweet Canaan,
 O sweet Canaan, I'm on my journey home.

HYMN.—I feel the work reviving,
And I'm almost ready,
For to tell you what the Lord
Has done for my soul.

O sweet Canaan, &c.

2 I feel a good deal better,
And I'm almost ready, &c.

3 I hope to get to heaven,
And I'm almost ready, &c.



261

L. M.

WE'RE travelling to our happy, happy
home,
To join with the angels around God's throne,
We're travelling to our happy, happy home,
To join with the angels around God's throne.

HYMN.—If you get there before I do,
To join with the angels around God's
throne,
Look out for me, I'm coming too,
To join with the angels around God's
throne.

We're travelling to our happy, &c.

HYMN.—And when we land on that blest
 shore,
 To join with the angels around God's
 throne,
 There we'll encamp forever more,
 To join with the angels around God's
 throne.

We're travelling to our happy, &c.

262

P. M.

WHEN we land on the shore,
 Land on the shore,
 When we land on the shore,
 We'll be safe forever more.

HYMN.—I do not beg for riches,
 Nor to be dressed fine ;
 The garments that he'll give me,
 The sun it will outshine.

When we land, &c

2 I'm not ashamed to beg,
 Whilst here on earth I stay,
 I'm not ashamed to watch,
 And I'm not ashamed to pray.

When we land, &c.

263

P. M.

WE'LL go home in the morning,
 { We'll go home in the morning,
 { We'll go home in the morning,
 { Of the resurrection day. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Through grace, I am determined
 To conquer though I die,
 And then away to Jesus,
 On wings of love I'll fly.

We'll go home, &c.

2 Oh, do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your friend,
 And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend.

We'll go home, &c.

264

L. M.

O GLORY be to God, that rules on high,
 That rules and reigns above the sky,
 I'll praise him till the day I die,
 And then go home to glory.

HYMN.—I'll praise him while he lends me
 breath,
 I hope to praise him after death,
 I hope to praise him when I die,
 And then go home to glory,

O Glory be to God, &c.

2 I love the Lord, I know I do,
My brother says he loves him too,
My brother says he loves him too,
And then go home to glory.

O Glory be to God, &c.

265

P. M.

I SOON shall pass the vale of death;
All is well, all is well,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath,
All is well, all is well,
And then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well,
My Jesus has done all things well,
All is well, all is well.

2 Where'er I go, I tell the story,
All is well, all is well,
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
All is well, all is well,
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Saviour has done all things well,
My Saviour has done all things well.
All is well, all is well.

266

P. M.

AND oh, I will go, and oh, I will go,
And oh, I will go, into yon bright world!

HYMN.—There we'll sing and shout with the
angels,
Shout with the angels, shout with
the angels,
There we'll sing and shout with the
angels,
In that congregation.

And oh, I will go ! &c.

2 Oh ! there we'll live forever,
Live forever, live forever,
Oh ! there we'll live forever,
In that congregation.

And oh, I will go ! &c.

3 There we'll walk, and talk with
Jesus, &c.

4 There we'll meet our friends in
glory, &c.

5 Oh ! father, will you meet me ? &c.

6 Oh ! mother, will you meet me ? &c.

7 Oh ! brother, will you meet me ? &c.

8 Oh ! sister, will you meet me ? &c.

9 Oh ! children, will you meet me ? &c.

10 Oh ! mourner, will you meet me ? &c.

11 Oh ! sinner, will you meet me ? &c.

267

L. M.

WE'RE going away, we're going away,
We're going away to see the bleeding
Lamb.

HYMN.—Come on my partners in distress,
We're going away to see the bleed-
ing Lamb,
My comrades through this wilderness,
We're going away, to see the bleed-
ing Lamb.

We're going away, &c.

268

L. M.

THEN we'll go home, go home,
I'll hail you on the shore. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Come on my partners in distress,
I'll hail you on the shore,
My comrades through this wilderness,
I'll hail you on the shore.

Then we'll go home, &c.

269

L. M.

OH, what a happy day,
When the christians meet,
When they meet to part no more. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Yonder's my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart is there.

Oh, what a happy day, &c.

2 When we get home, we'll shout and
sing,
We'll make the heavenly arches ring.

Oh, what a happy day, &c.

270

C. M.

THEY'RE coming home, they're coming
home,
Praise God! they're coming home. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

They're coming home, &c.

271

L. M.

SO fare ye well, so fare ye well,
When we get to heaven, we'll part no
more.

HYMN.—Oh, here's my heart, and here's my
hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land.

So fare ye well, &c.

- 2 A little longer here below,
And home to glory we shall go.

So fare ye well, &c.

- 3 I hope to meet my brother there,
Who has often joined with me in
prayer.

So fare ye well, &c.

272

C. M.

LET us never mind the scoffs, nor the
frowns of the world,

For we've all got the cross to bear ;
It will only make the crown the brighter to
shine,

When we have the crown to wear.

HYMN.—Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

Let us never mind, &c.

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?

Let us never mind, &c.

273

P. M.

GOSPEL SHIP.

THE old ship Zion is passing by,
 I long to see you all on board,
 The old ship Zion's passing by,
 O Hallelujah!

2 Do you think she will be able,
 Do you think she will be able,
 Do you think she will be able,
 To land us on the shore?

The old ship Zion, &c.

3 She has landed thousands over,
 She has landed thousands over,
 She has landed thousands over,
 And she'll land as many more.

The old ship Zion, &c.

4 She is built of gospel timber,
 She is built of gospel timber,
 She is built of gospel timber,
 And she'll land us on the shore.

The old ship Zion, &c.

274

L. M.

SOON the joyful news will come,
 Oh! Glory, Hallelujah!
 Children, your Father calls, come home,
 Glory, Hallelujah!

Hymn.—I'm glad that I am born to die,
Glory, Hallelujah!
From grief and wo my soul shall fly,
Glory, Hallelujah!

Soon the joyful news, &c.

2 Our troubles and our trials here,
Glory, Hallelujah !
Will only make us richer there,
Glory, Hallelujah !

Soon the joyful news, &c.

275

L. M.

THERE we'll sing redeeming love,
With the shining hosts above,
On the flowery banks of Jordan's river,

HYMN.—My suffering times will soon be o'er,
On the flowery banks of Jordan's
river,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more,
On the flowery banks of Jordan's
river.

There we'll sing, &c.

- 2 My ransomed soul shall soar away,
On the flowery banks of Jordan's
river,
To sing thy praise in endless day,
On the flowery banks of Jordan's
river.

There we'll sing, &c.

276

L. M.

I NEVER will turn back any more,
I never will turn back any more.

HYMN.—Come on my partners in distress,
I never will turn back any more,
My comrades through this wilderness,
I never will turn back any more.

I never will turn back, &c.

- 2 I have some friends to glory gone,
I never will turn back any more,
And I'm resolved to travel on,
I never will turn back any more.

I never will turn back, &c.

277

L. M.

AND we'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
And he will bless my soul.

HYMN.—Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
 And he will bless my soul,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon,
 And he will bless my soul.
 And we'll wait, &c.

278

P. M.

ORIGINAL OLD SHIP ZION. BY I. T. C.

WHAT ship is that you're going on board?
 Oh! Glory, Hallelujah! [*Rep.*]
 It's the old ship of Zion, Hallelujah!
 It's the old ship of Zion, Hallelujah!

2 Come along, come along, and let's go home,
 In the old ship of Zion, Hallelujah!

3 Is your vessel well built, and her timbers
 all sound?
 She is built of gospel timber, Hallelujah!

4 But who is her captain, and what's his name?
 King Jesus is her captain, Hallelujah!

5 Are the men well skilled in working the
 ship?
 They are good Bible sailors, Hallelujah!

6 What number is the crew already on board?
 We have ten hundred thousand, Hallelujah!

7 Do you think she'll be able to land them
 all over?
 She has landed thousands over, Hallelujah!

8 What will the people do, when they land on
the shore ?

They'll dwell at home in heaven, Hallelujah !

9 What must a sinner do to be taken on
board ?

He must give his heart to Jesus, Hallelujah !

10 I'll give away my heart unto Jesus now !
Come, take the heavenly bounty, Hallelujah !

11 Run out the gang-board, and take him
aboard,

And we'll all sail together, Hallelujah !

12 Set up her white sails, and put her in the
breeze,

Farewell to sin and sorrow, Hallelujah !

13 The star in the east will guide us o'er the
sea,

And we'll reach the port of Canaan, Halle'ah !

14 Oh ! hear from the round top the happy
sailor cry,

I see the hills of glory, Hallelujah !

15 Oh ! what a happy day, when we all get
home,

We'll anchor in the harbor, Hallelujah !

16 Now landed on the shore of life and love,
Oh ! Glory, Hallelujah ! [*Rep.*]

We'll live and shout forever, Hallelujah !

We'll live and shout forever, Hallelujah !

279

P. M.

SINGING, Oh, Glory!
 Oh, Glory! Oh, Glory,
 Unto the dying Lamb.

HYMN.—Religion makes me happy,
 Oh, give me the wings to carry me,
 Oh, come my smiling Saviour,
 And help me on the way.

Singing, Oh, Glory, &c.

2 I expect to live forever, &c.

3 I'm glad I've joined the army, &c.

4 I think we shall get over, &c.



LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

280

4 lines 7's.

LET me go, the day is breaking,
 I am weary, let me go,
 I am weary, let me go.

HYMN.—Oft the parting hand I've taken,
 And the loved one bid farewell,
 Oft my faith in truth been shaken,
 When I've loved, and loved too
 well.

Let me go, &c.

- 2 What is life, unless the rainbow
 Of religion gilds its gloom?
 What is death, but heathen darkness,
 Unless Jesus lights the tomb?

Let me go, &c.

281

L. M.

OH! heaven, sweet heaven, when shall I
 see?
 Oh! when shall I get there? [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—Yonder's my house and portion fair,
 My treasure and my heart is there.

Oh! heaven, sweet heaven, &c.

- 2 I have some friends that's gone be-
 fore,
 They're happy on the other shore.

Oh! heaven, sweet heaven, &c.

- 3 Its glittering towers the sun out-
 shine,
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

Oh! heaven, sweet heaven, &c.

282

L. M.

KEEP me, Lord, keep me, Lord, until I die,
Then take me home to the promised land,
Where my possessions lie.

HYMN.—I don't care what this world may say,
I'm on my way to the promised land,
where my possessions lie,
This world may talk, and I will pray,
I'm on my way to the promised land,
where my possessions lie.

Keep me, Lord, &c.

283

P. M.

AND oh ! if I was there,
I would sing and shout with the angels ;
And oh ! if I was there,
I'd shout all around God's throne.

HYMN.—Brother, didn't you promise Jesus,
Brother, didn't you promise Jesus,
Brother, didn't you promise Jesus,
You'd fight until you'd die?

And oh ! if I was there, &c.

2 Sister, didn't you promise Jesus, &c.

3 Mourner, didn't you promise Jesus.

284

P. M.

I LOVE thee, I love thee, thou knowest full
well,

But how much I love thee, I never can tell.

HYMN.—I would not live alway, I ask not to
stay,

Where storm after storm rises dark
o'er the way ;

The few lurid mornings, that dawn
on us here,

Are enough for life's woes, full
enough for its cheer.

I love thee, I love thee, &c.

2 I would not live alway ; no—wel-
come the tomb !

Since Jesus has lain there, I dread
not its gloom ;

There sweet be my rest, till he bid
me arise,

To hail him in triumph descending
the skies.

I love thee, I love thee, &c.

285

P. M.

OH ! worthy, oh ! worthy,
Oh ! worthy is the lamb of God !
Oh ! worthy, oh ! worthy,
He is the sinner's friend.

HYMN.—Oh ! when shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above,
 To drink the flowing fountain,
 Of everlasting love ?

Oh ! worthy, Oh ! worthy, &c.

2 Farewell to sin and sorrow, &c.

3 Oh, do not be discouraged, &c.

286

L. M.

I WANT to go, I want to go,
 I want to go to glory,
 The reason why I want to go,
 There's room enough in glory,
 There's so many trials here below,
 They say there's none in glory.

HYMN.—What makes me praise my Lord so
 bold,

I'm on my way to glory,
 I've got religion in my soul,
 I'm on my way to glory.

I want to go, &c.

2 I'll tell you when I feel the best,
 I'm on my way to glory,
 It's when my soul has just been blest,
 I'm on my way to glory.

I want to go, &c.

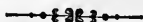
287

C. M.

I'M a pilgrim, I'm a stranger,
 I cannot with you stay,
 I'm journeying to a country,
 Where beams eternal day?

HYMN.—On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

I'm a pilgrim, &c.



DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

288

P. M.

OH, the judgment day is coming,
 Is coming, is coming!
 Oh, the judgment day is coming,
 Oh, that great day!

CHORUS.—Then we'll take the wings of the
 morning,
 And fly away to Jesus,
 We'll take the wings of the morn-
 ing,
 And sound the jubilee.

2 You'll hear the trumpet sounding,
 Sounding, sounding,
You'll hear the trumpet sounding,
 On that great day.

Then we'll take the wings, &c.

3 You'd better come to Jesus,
 To Jesus, to Jesus,
You'd better come to Jesus,
 Against that day.

Then we'll take the wings, &c.

4 You'll see the graves a opening,
 A opening, a opening,
You'll see the graves a opening,
 On that great day.

Then we'll take the wings, &c.

5 You'd better be converted,
 Converted, converted,
You'd better be converted,
 Against that day.

Then we'll take the wings, &c.

6 Then we'll see the dead arising, &c.

7 Then we'll see the Judge descending, &c.

8 Then we'll hear the saints a shouting, &c.

9 Then we'll hear the wicked crying, &c.

10 You'd better be made holy,
 Made holy, made holy,
 You'd better be made holy,
 Against that day.

Then we'll take the wings, &c.

289

P. M.

WE are wearing away, like some long
 summer's day,
 We are wearing away, like some long sum-
 mer's day.

HYMN.—Children of the heavenly King,
 As we journey let us sing ;
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

We are wearing away, &c.

290

C. M.

WE are passing away,
 We are passing away,
 We are passing away,
 To the great judgment day.

HYMN.—And must I be to judgment brought,
 And answer in that day,
 For every vain and idle thought,
 And every word I say?

We are passing away, &c.

2 Yes, every secret of my heart, &c.

291

C. M.

THE judgment day is rolling round,
 The judgment day is rolling round,
 The judgment day is rolling round,
 Prepare to meet thy God.

HYMN.—And must I be to judgment brought,
 And answer in that day,
 For every vain and idle thought,
 And every word I say?

Yes, the judgment day, &c.

292

L. M.

WE are passing away, we are passing
 away,
 We are passing away to the great judgment
 day.

HYMN.—Yonder's my house and portion fair,
 I'm on my journey home,
 My treasure and my heart is there,
 I'm on my journey home.

We are passing away, &c.

2 If you get there before I do,
 I'm on my journey home,
 Look out for me, I'm coming too,
 I'm on my journey home.

We are passing away, &c.

3 A little longer here below,
 I'm on my journey home,
 And then away to glory go,
 I'm on my journey home.

We are passing away, &c.

293

P. M.

OH! there will be mourning, mourning,
 mourning, mourning,
 Oh! there will be mourning at the judgment
 seat of Christ.

HYMN.—Parents and children there will part,
 Parents and children there will part,
 Parents and children there will part,
 Will part to meet no more.

Oh! there will be mourning, &c.

2 Wives and husbands there will part.

3 Brothers and sisters there will part.

4 Friends and neighbours there will
part, &c.

5 Pastors and people there will part.

6 Devils and sinners there will meet.

7 Saints and angels there will meet.

294

P. M.

OH turn poor sinner,
And escape eternal ruin,
For you must stand the trial,
In that great day. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—The judgment day is coming, &c.

2 You'll hear the trumpet sounding.

3 You'd better come to Jesus, &c.

4 You'll see the graves opening, &c.

295

L. M.

WE'RE travelling to the grave,
We're travelling to the grave, my Lord,
We're travelling to the grave,
To lay this body down.

HYMN.—It won't be long before we'll go,
 We're travelling to the grave,
 To join with those that's gone before,
 We're travelling to the grave.
 We're travelling to the grave, &c.

296

P. M.

WHEN the mighty, mighty, mighty
 trumpet shall sound,
 Come, come away ;
 Oh ! let us be ready to hail that glad day.

HYMN.—The last lovely morning, it soon will
 appear,
 Is fast onward fleeting, and soon will
 be here.

When the mighty, mighty, &c.

2 I would not live alway, I ask not to
 stay,
 Where storm after storm rises dark
 o'er the way.

When the mighty, mighty, &c.

3 The few lurid mornings, that dawn
 on us here,
 Are enough for life's joys, full
 enough for its cheer.

When the mighty, mighty, &c.

RESURRECTION.

297

P. M.

BUT he rose, he rose, he rose from the dead,
He rose and went to heaven in a cloud.

HYMN.—The grave it could not hold him,
The grave it could not hold him,
The grave it could not hold him,
When he rose from the dead.

But he rose, he rose, &c.

298

L. M.

IN the morning, in the morning,
And we'll all rise together in the morn-
ing. [Rep.]

HYMN.—I love the Lord, I know I do,
And we'll all rise together in the
morning,
Jesus smiles, and loves me too,
And we'll all rise together in the
morning.

In the morning, &c.

2 If you get there before I do,
And we'll all rise together in the
morning,
Look out for me, I'm coming too,
And we'll all rise together in the
morning.

In the morning, &c.

299

P. M.

SHOUTING Glory, glory, to the Lamb !
S At the sounding of the trumpet in the
morning. [*Rep.*]

HYMN.—From our dusty beds we'll rise,
And we'll mount the upper skies,
At the sounding of the trumpet
in the morning,
When the graves they shall burst,
Then the saints shall rise first,
At the sounding of the trumpet
in the morning.

Shouting, Glory, glory, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

300

P. M.

I COME, I come, without delay,
 Oh, take this load of guilt away,
 And then forever with me stay—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

HYMN.—Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to
 thee—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

I come, I come, &c.

2 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
 lieve,
 Because thy promise I believe—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

I come, I come, &c.

301

P. M.

HALLELUJAH, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 to God!
 We will praise him forever and ever. Amen!
 [Rep.]

HYMN.—I would not live alway, I ask not to
stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark
o'er the way ;
The few lurid mornings that dawn
on us here,
Are enough for life's joys, full
enough for its cheer.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, &c.

302

L. M.

WE'RE travelling home to heaven above,
To sing a Saviour's dying love,
We're travelling home to heaven above,
To sing a Saviour's dying love.

HYMN.—From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm and sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

We're travelling home, &c.

303

P. M.

THERE you shall wear a starry crown,
Starry crown, starry crown,
There you shall wear a starry crown,
Make ready for to go.

HYMN.—Come on my partners in distress,
 In distress, in distress,
 My comrades through this wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel.

There you shall wear, &c.

304

L. M.

WE are all united heart and hand,
 Joined in one band completely,
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 Where the waters flow so sweetly.

HYMN.—The way the holy prophets went,
 Oh! Glory, Hallelujah!
 The road that leads from banishment,
 Oh! Glory, Hallelujah!

We are all united, &c.

305

L. M.

I LOVE Jesus, you love Jesus,
 Oh, Glory to his name!
 I love Jesus, you love Jesus,
 Oh, Glory to his name!

HYMN.—Oh, pray for me, I'll pray for you,
 Oh, Glory to the Lamb!
 For that's the way the christians do,
 Oh, Glory to the Lamb!

I love Jesus, &c.

2 This note above the rest shall swell,
 Oh, Glory to the Lamb!
 My Jesus has done all things well,
 Oh, Glory to the Lamb!

I love Jesus, &c.

306

L. M.

WE'LL serve the Lord,
 We'll watch and pray,
 We'll serve the Lord,
 In the good old way.

HYMN.—The good old way, how sweet thou
 art!
 May none of us from thee depart,
 But may our actions always say,
 We're marching in the good old way.

We'll serve the Lord, &c.

307

P. M.

OH, how charming, how charming is Jesus !
He is my Redeemer, my friend, and my
king.

HYMN.—And if you meet with troubles,
And trials on the way,
Then cast your cares on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your race is ended,
You'll reign with him above.

Oh, how charming, &c.

308

P. M.

OH, to know the love of Jesus,
And to feel it from above !
Still our heavenly Father sees us,
With an eye of heavenly love.

HYMN.—Come thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Oh ! to know the love, &c.

309

P. M.

LORD, verify thy promise,
 While we on thee depend,
 Oh! set us all on fire,
 Before the meeting ends.

HYMN.—Come ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power.

Lord verify thy promise, &c.

2 Come thou fount of every blessing.

310

L. M.

IN the morning, what a beautiful morning
 that will be, [Rep.]
 When we all rise together in the morning!

HYMN.—Our suffering times will soon be o'er,
 When we all rise together in the
 morning;
 Then we shall sigh and weep no more,
 When we all rise together in the
 morning.

In the morning, &c.

HYMNS.



1

C. M.

ATTEND YOUNG FRIENDS.

ATTEND young friends, whilst I relate
The danger you are in,
The evils that around you wait,
While subject unto sin.

2 Although you flourish like the rose,
Whilst in its branches green,
Your sparkling eyes in death must close,
And never more be seen.

3 In silent shades you must lie down,
Long in your graves to dwell,
Your friends will then stand weeping round,
And bid a long farewell.

4 How small this world will then appear,
At that tremendous hour,
When you Jehovah's voice shall hear,
And feel his mighty power !

5 In vain you'll mourn, your days are past,
 Alas ! those days are gone,
 Your golden hours are spent at last,
 And never to return.

6 Oh ! come this moment and begin,
 Whilst life's sweet moments last,
 Turn to the Lord, forsake all sin,
 And he'll forgive what's past.

2

L. M.

LOOK TO THE CROSS.

TUNE.—*Oh ! how he loves.*

COME, poor guilty, anxious mourner,
 Look to the cross ;
 Leave the proud, the gay, the scorner—
 Look to the cross ;
 Lift an eye of faith to Jesus,
 He from sin's hard bondage frees us,
 When we grieve, his grace can ease us ;
 Look to the cross.

2 Bow in humble prayer before him—

Look to the cross ;

Now by hope and love adore him—

Look to the cross ;

Let thy guilt no more distress thee,
 Peace and pardon soon shall bless thee,
 And the Saviour's love caress thee ;
 Look to the cross.

3 Jesus waits to grant his favour,

Look to the cross ;

He's an all-sufficient Saviour,

Look to the cross ;

Though thy crimes reach high as heaven,

'Thou 'gainst grace and truth hast striven,

Here the vilest are forgiven ;

Look to the cross.

4 Dost thou feel thy spirit harden ?

Look to the cross ;

See repentance joined with pardon,

Look to the cross ;

Hear what words of grace are spoken,

Love presents her highest token,

Gaze till thy hard heart is broken ;

Look to the cross.

5 Wouldst thou hear thy Saviour claim thee ?

Look to the cross ;

Wouldst thou feel his love inflame thee ?

Look to the cross ;

Hark ! he speaks, but not in thunder,

Hear, O earth, let angels wonder,

" I have snapp'd thy chains asunder ;

Look to my cross."

6 Thence flows full and free salvation,

Look to the cross ;

Bought for all of every nation,

Look to the cross ;

Life and joy for all the dying,
Come, 'tis offered without buying,
Dry thy tears and stay thy sighing ;
Look to the cross.

3

P. M.

SINNER, spare that name,
The sweetest name I've heard ;
Against my Saviour's fame,
Breathe not a single word.
'Twas Jesus came to save,
Our fallen, guilty race ;
Wilt thou his anger brave,
And spurn his proffer'd grace ?

2 Sinner, spare that name,
Thou canst not hurl it down,
Ever it stands the same,
Secure in its renown ;
Forbear thy guilty strife,
Against thy only friend,
For thee he gave his life,
That thine might never end.

3 Sinner, spare that name,
The name we should adore,
Admit thy Saviour's claim,
Nor dare oppose it more ;

That name has sheltered me,
 Amidst the storms of life,
 That name shall succour thee ;
 Oh ! cease thy foolish strife.

4 Sinner, spare his name,
 Before him bend thy knee,
 To all the truth proclaim,
 'Twas Jesus died for me ;
 He pleads for me before
 The throne of God above,
 No more, I'll sin no more,
 By slighting Jesus' love.

4

P. M.

THE SINNER'S RETURN.

TUNE.—*Long, long ago.*

COME mourning sinner, and dry up your
 tears,

Jesus has died, Jesus has died,
 Come, though your sins like a mountain ap-
 pear,

Jesus has died, he has died.
 Come in the strength of your Saviour divine,
 Come and partake of the milk and the wine,
 Come and find pardon at mercy's sweet shrine ;
 Jesus has died, he has died.

2 Do you remember the deep heavy sigh ?
 Jesus has died, Jesus has died,
 Can you forget his deep anguish and cry ?
 Jesus has died, he has died.

Love so amazing, you ne'er can forget,
 The nails, and the spear, and the cold bloody
 sweat,
 Now your redemption is full and complete ;
 Jesus has died, he has died.

3 I yield my spirit, my life, and my all,
 Jesus has died, Jesus has died,
 Oh, never leave nor forsake, lest I fall,
 Jesus has died, he has died.

Help me to drink from the pure fount above,
 To bathe in the ocean of pleasure and love,
 Lend me thy wings to ascend like the dove ;
 Jesus has died, he has died.

5

P. M.

SLIGHTING GOD.

CAN you slight your great Creator ?
 Can you slight his offer'd grace ?
 He who is your only Maker—
 Maker of the human race ?

CHORUS.—Turn to the Lord by true repenting,
 He can speak your sins forgiven ;
 Turn to Jesus by believing,
 He can make you meet for heaven.

2 Can you slight that blessed Jesus,
 He who died upon the tree,

Him above, who died to save us,
Died to set the guilty free?

3 Can you slight the Spirit striving,
Monitor that's from above?
Longs to see thy soul reforming,
Sent by Jesus from above.

4 Can you slight the angels' waitings,
To preserve you where you go?
Angels sent for your attending,
Through the dangers here below.

5 Can you slight departed spirits,
Praying friends that's gone before?
Longs for you through Jesus' merits,
To escape to Canaan's shore.

6 Can you slight the word that's given,
Precious Bible sent to thee?
Can you slight the joys of heaven,
Joys designed for you and me?

7 Can you slight the thoughts of dying?
Can you slight a judgment day?
Can you slight eternal burnings?
Sinner, now begin to pray!

PENITENTIAL.

6

P. M.

THE PENITENT.

TUNE.—*Troubadour.*

SOFTLY the penitent,
Offers his prayer—
Now doth his yielding soul
Heav'nward repair.
Saying, From all my heart
Sin I dethrone—
Saviour Lord, Saviour Lord,
Be thou mine own.

2 Hark, 'tis the Saviour Lord,
Calls from above ;
Gently he speaketh words
Flowing with love ;
Saying, For thee have I
Died to atone ;
Penitent, penitent,
Thou art mine own.

3 Henceforth the penitent
Liveth to God,
Walks he with gladsome feet,
Where Jesus trod ;
Saying, From all my heart
Sin I dethrone ;
Saviour Lord, Saviour Lord,
Thou art mine own.

BACKSLIDING LAMENTED.

7

P. M.

THE PRODIGAL'S SWEET HOME.

YE wanderers, attend, and give ear while
I sing

The love and compassion of Jesus my king ;
'To you he is calling : he cries, 'There is room,
Return to your Saviour and there find a home.

CHORUS.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Christ still is inviting poor wanderers home.

2 Long time did I wander from Jesus my
Lord ;
His grace I refus'd and rejected his word ;
On sin's barren mountains too long did I roam,
Forsook my kind Father, and wandered from
home.

3 The voice of the gospel at length I obey'd,
And from my kind Father no longer I stray'd ;
I heard the sweet voice which called me to
come,
And when I obey'd he welcom'd me home.

4 And when I came home what rejoicing
was there,
'To see my dear Father receive his lost heir !

Rejoice, all my house, for my son being come,
The dead is alive and the lost one at home.

5 And now I enjoy the sweet smiles of his
face,

How happy am I in the Saviour's embrace !
Tho' still on the ocean where sorrow may
come,

Eternity's near, and I soon shall go home.

6 I soon shall be free'd from this body of clay,
Bright angels to heaven my soul shall
convey ;

Yes, I to the mansions of glory shall come,
And eternity spend with my Father at home.



8

P. M.

THE POOR BACKSLIDER.

WHEN I call to my remembrance,
My former happy days,
My days were spent in pleasure,
My nights in prayer and praise ;
But since I've lost my Saviour,
My prayers have been in vain—
“ Yet come backsliding sinner,
You still may come again.”

2 I have fled away like Jonah,
The presence of my God ;
Like Peter I denied him,
And trampled on his blood ;

Like Judas I have sold him,
For pelf and earthly gain—
“Yet come backsliding sinner,
You still may come again.”

3 I have sinn'd against the light,
Too long against his grace ;
I've griev'd his holy Spirit,
And mocked him to his face.
My sins they cry for vengeance,
Like those of wretched Cain—
“Yet come backsliding sinner,
You still may come again.”

4 Reflecting now with sorrow,
On pleasures long since dead ;
I felt an inward heaven,
But now a constant hell.
I am sinking, I am dying,
I feel increasing pain—
“Yet come backsliding sinner,
You still may come again.”

5 Hark, is not that my Saviour's voice ?
It speaks along the skies,
It bids my mourning soul rejoice,
It bids me now arise—
“Arise ! come to thy Saviour,
I'll not thy tears disdain ;
Yes, poor backsliding sinner,
You still may come again.”

6 " I'll clasp thee to my bosom,
And wash thee in my blood,
Heal all thy past backslidings,
And fill thee with my love ;
My oath is pledged and promise,
That none shall come in vain,
So, poor backsliding sinner,
Thy soul shall live again."

9

P. M.

LEBANON.

TIME speeds away, away, away !
Another hour, another day,
Another month, another year,
Drops from us like the leaflet sear,
Drops like the life blood from our hearts ;
The rose bloom from our cheeks departs,
The tresses from our temples fall,
The eye grows dim and strange to all.

2 Time speeds away, away, away !
Like torrents on a stormy day,
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree and snaps the flower ;
And sweeps from our distracted breast,
The friends that love, the friends that blessed ;
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which we can return no more.

3 Time speeds away, away, away !
 No eagle through the skies of day,
 No wind along the hills can flee
 So swiftly, or so smooth as he.
 Like fiery steeds from stage to stage,
 He bears us on from youth to age,
 Then plunges in that fearful sea
 Of fathomless eternity.

4 Time speeds away, away, away !
 O sinner, turn, no more delay,
 With rapid flight you onward go
 To endless misery and wo.
 They'll be shut, make haste, make haste,
 To outer darkness you'll be cast,
 Then what will be your awful fate,
 To hear pronounced, Too late, too late !

10

P. M.

THE LIVING VINE.

TUNE.—*Annie Laurie*.*

MY soul is now united
 To Christ the living vine ;
 His grace I long have slighted,
 But now I feel him mine.

CHORUS.—Christ is all the world to me,
 And his glory I shall see,
 And before I'd leave my Saviour
 I'd lay me down and die.

* Why should Satan have the best tunes?—J. WESLEY

2 I was to God a stranger,
Till Jesus took me in,
And free'd my soul from danger,
And pardon'd all my sin.

Christ is all the world to me, &c.

3 Soon as my all I ventur'd
On the atoning blood,
His Holy Spirit enter'd,
And I was born of God.

Christ is all the world to me, &c.

4 Still Christ is my salvation ;
What can I covet more ?
I fear no condemnation ;
My Father's wrath is o'er.

Christ is all the world to me, &c.

5 By floods and flames surrounded,
I now my way pursue ;
Nor shall I be confounded
With glory in my view.

Christ is all the world to me, &c.

6 I taste a heavenly pleasure,
And need not fear a frown ;
Christ is my joy and treasure,
My glory and my crown.

Christ is all the world to me, &c.

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

P. M.

THE PILGRIM'S HOME.

TUNE.—“ *Sweet Home.*”

WHEN clad in the garments of sorrow
 and pain,
 And wandering distress'd in temptation's do-
 main,
 When press'd by rude foes from my Saviour
 to roam,
 Oh! how I desire to enter my home!

CHORUS.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
 Assist me, my Saviour, in seeking
 my home.

2 The world is delusive, its charms soon must
 fade,
 A vortex of trifles, where trials invade;
 But while these combine to invest me with
 gloom,
 The christian is cheer'd with the prospect of
 home.

3 When tempests and dangers with fury mo-
 lest,
 And fearful emotions are tossing the breast,
 'The love of my Saviour disperses the gloom,
 And fear is dispell'd by the vision of home.

4 The beamings of love my spirit shall cheer,
Shall chase all my gloom and dispel all my
fear;

And joy shall support, while continuing to
roam,

On the road which will lead to my heavenly
home.

5 While sickness assails, and death is in view,
Ere I sink in its arms and bid earth adieu,
The smiles of his grace the path shall illumine,
And light up the passage which leads to my
home.

6 And when I arrive at the port of repose,
Releas'd from afflictions, distresses, and woes,
My praises shall echo through glory's high
dome,

And I'll never more leave my eternal sweet
home.

12

P. M.

A WAY with all of creature charms,
And every song profane,
My Saviour's beauty and his love,
Shall still inspire my strain ;
Above all earthly loves and themes,
My spirit now shall soar ;
O Lamb of God, how sweet to me
Art thou for evermore !

2 As down the flow'ry banks of sin,
In pride of youth I strayed,

A rebel 'gainst my gracious God,
Nor of his wrath afraid,
My Jesus pleaded still for me,
And with my follies bore ;
O Lamb of God, how good to me
Art thou for evermore !

3 But soon as e'er my soul received
A beam of heavenly light,
I saw my ruined, lost estate,
And trembled at the sight,
Fell down before his bleeding cross,
And pardon did implore ;
O Lamb of God, do pardon me,
Both now and evermore !

4 What now are all the flow'ry sweets,
The bloom of nature yields ?
What's beauty, wealth, and the rich fruits,
That crown the harvest fields ?
More sweetness in the favour lies
Of Him whom I adore ;
O Lamb of God, how sweet to me
Art thou for evermore !

5 Soon I shall pass the narrow stream,
And reach the heavenly strand ;
And see thy face unveiled, and join
The blood-besprinkled band.
I'll sing thy matchless, bleeding love ;
And still the song encore ;
O Lamb of God, I'll sing of thee,
Both now and evermore !

13

P. M.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG.

MY brethren, I have found
 A land which doth abound,
 With food as sweet as manna ;
 The more I eat I find
 The more I am inclined
 To shout and sing Hosanna.

CHORUS.—My soul doth long to go,
 Where it shall fully know,
 The beauties of my Saviour,
 And as we march along,
 We'll sing the christian's song,
 We hope to live forever.

2 What must the fountain be,
 From which grace flows so free,
 It yields both peace and pleasure ;
 There's no terrestrial bliss
 Could ever equal this,
 A foretaste of my Saviour.

3 Perhaps you think I'm wild
 And simple as a child ;
 I am a child of glory.
 My joy is from above,
 My heart is filled with love
 I long to tell the story.

4 Now brethren, can you say,
That you are on your way—
Are on your way to glory?
I care not for your name,
Religion is the same;
Come tell the pleasing story.

5 My soul doth sit and sing,
And practices her wings,
And contemplates the hour
When the messenger shall say,
Come quit this house of clay,
And with bright angels tower.

14

P. M.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM

TUNE.—*Irish Emigrant's Lament.*

A PILGRIM in this desert world,
'Mid snares and dangers dread,
I look upon the dreary way
As life's rough path I tread;
And sigh to feel my exile state,
And weep that here I roam
In a dark and fearful wilderness,
Away from my sweet home.

2 But oft amid the darkness gleams
A bright and cheering ray,
And sheds a heavenly radiance
O'er all the gloomy way;

Then I lift up my drooping head,
To see whence it doth come,
And lo ! I find that radiant beam
Shines from my own sweet home.

3 Then how my heart with rapture thrills,
To find I'm almost there,
To feel my weary fainting frame
Fanned by its balmy air ;
And thence how quickened are my steps,
To reach that peaceful dome,
Where centre all my dearest hopes,
My glorious heavenly home.

4 Onward I haste with steadfast aim,
With eager, longing gaze ;
Nor heed my sufferings as I pass
Along the thorny maze ;
Though threatening clouds often arise,
And furious tempests come,
I travel on in joyful hope,
Of my blest heavenly home.

6 O blissful thought ! when I shall leave
This world of sin and wo,
I leave my sorrows all behind,
My sufferings here below ;
Oh heaven ! bright land of cloudless day,
There earth's woes ne'er can come ;
Its pains, its toils, its strife and sin,
Will not reach my sweet home.

6 There all is peace and holy love,
 There health and bliss abound,
 There rapturous scenes, unfailing sweets,
 And priceless gems are found;
 Oh! richer and more beauteous far
 Than costliest earthly dome,
 Is my bright mansion in that world,
 My happy, heavenly home.

15

P. M.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

NOW the christian pilgrim sings,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
 Now the christian pilgrim sings,
 Heaven's my home;
 Through the telescope of faith,
 He looks o'er the river of death;
 And exultingly exclaims,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
 And exultingly exclaims,
 Heaven's my home.

2 Though dull poverty's my lot,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
 Though dull poverty's my lot,
 Heaven's my home;

Though dull poverty's my lot ;
And the fig tree blossoms not,
Yet I'll sing the song of hope,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
Yet I'll sing the song of hope,
 Heaven's my home.

3 Though the world may me disown,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
Though the world may me disown;
 Heaven's my home ;
Though the world may me disown,
And I'm little and unknown ;
I'm an heir to yonder throne,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
I'm an heir to yonder throne,
 Heaven's my home.

4 Though temptations me assail,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
Though temptations me assail,
 Heaven's my home ;
From the tempter I will flee ;
And my soul draw nigh to thee ;
And I'll sing triumphantly,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
And I'll sing triumphantly,
 Heaven's my home.

5 Oh, that every soul could say,
 Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
Oh, that every soul could say,
 Heaven's my home ;

Oh, that every soul could say,
 If I die this blessed day,
 I should rise and soar away,

Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
 I should rise and soar away,
 Heaven's my home.

6 Glory to God that I can say,

Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
 Glory to God that I can say,
 Heaven's my home ;

Glory to God for sins forgiven,

I'm a royal heir of heaven ;

And to me the song is given,

Heaven's my home, heaven's my home,
 And to me the song is given,
 Heaven's my home.

16

P. M.

SONG. BY A YOUNG LADY.

MY soul's full of glory, which fires my
 tongue,
 Could I meet with angels, I'd sing them a
 song,

I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
 And call them to bear me to his loving arms.

2 Methinks they're assembling to hear what
 I sing,

Well pleased to hear mortals praising their
 King ;

O angels ! O angels ! my soul's in a flame,
I sing in sweet raptures of Jesus's name.

3 Sweet Spirit, attend me till Jesus shall come,
Protect and defend me till I'm conveyed
home ;

Though worms my poor body may claim as
their prey,
'Twill outshine when rising the sun at noon-
day.

4 The sun shall be darkened, the moon turned
as blood,
The world all on fire with the vengeance of
God ;

While lightnings are flashing, and thunders do
roar,
Undaunted, I'll triumph on fair Canaan's
shore.

5 The smiles of bright glory appear on my
soul,
I sink in bright visions, I view the bright
goal ;

My soul while I'm singing is leaping to go,
This moment for heaven I'd leave all below.

6 Farewell my dear brethren, the Lord bids
me come,

Farewell my dear sisters, I'm now going home ;
Bright angels are whisp'ring so sweet in my
ear,

Away to my Saviour the spirit shall steer.

7 I'm going, I'm going, but what do I see ?
 'Tis Jesus in glory appears unto me ;
 To heaven, to heaven : I'm going, I'm going.
 All glory ! O glory ! 'tis finish'd, 'tis done.

8 To the regions of glory, the spirit has fled,
 And left the frail body inactive and dead ;
 With angelic armies in glory to blaze,
 On Jesus' fair beauty forever to gaze.

9 When the seals are all open'd, the trumpet
 shall sound,
 And awake God's dear children that sleep
 under ground ;
 Their souls and their bodies shall all join in
 one,
 And each from their Saviour receive a bright
 crown.

17

P. M.

HOPE OF HEAVEN.

A HOPE of heaven, a precious treasure,
 The richest boon that man can crave,
 For it affords unfading pleasure,

A hope of heaven beyond the grave :
 This hope has been my stay and comfort
 Through many a dark and gloomy hour—
 Of it the world can never rob me,
 Long as I trust Almighty power.

2 When sorrow, death, and woe surround
me,

And all about me's filled with gloom,
My mind is peaceful, calm, and even—

I have a hope beyond the tomb ;
Strong ties by death long since were riven,

And those I loved I see no more,
Nor will, until we meet in heaven—

There we shall meet to part no more.

3 When friends are few, and the world al-
luring,

And through temptation I'm cast down,
My way is dark and nothing cheering,

A hope of heaven still cheers me on,
Though prospects fade and friends should fail
me,

And all seems cheerless on the road,
And though the powers of hell assail me,
I'll hope for heaven and trust in God.

4 And when I pass through death's dark
valley,

A light shall shine around my way—
His rod and staff shall then support me,
He'll bring me through to endless day.

Until that hour still let me cherish

A hope of heaven and its joy,
Well grounded on my Saviour's merits,
Whose praises shall my tongue employ.

18

P. M.

HOPE OF HEAVEN.

WHEN pulse beats low, and cheeks grow
pale,

And storms of life are fiercely driven,
When fairest prospects quickly fail,
How sweet to have a hope of heaven !

2 When lone and wandering far from home,
No kind relief to us is given ;

Oh ! what would then of us become,
If we had not a hope of heaven ?

3 When friends that seemed most near and
dear,

Are from our bosoms swiftly riven,
And life's bright joys in gloom appear,
How sweet to have a hope of heaven !

4 And when the end is drawing nigh,
Of life, thro' which we long have striven,
When we, alas ! must droop and die,
How sweet to have a hope of heaven !



19

P. M.

REMEMBRANCE OF ZION.

O ZION, when I think of thee,
I mourn for pinions like a dove,
And sigh that I so far should be,
So distant from the place I love.

- 2 An exile here and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh,
Thither the ransomed nations come,
And see their Saviour eye to eye.
- 3 While here I walk on hostile ground,
The few that I can call my friends,
Are like myself in fetters bound,
And weariness their steps attend.
- 4 But soon the joyful day will come,
When Zion's children shall return,
Their sorrows then shall flee away,
And they shall never, never mourn.
- 5 The hope that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the exiles' portion sweet,
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.
-

20

C. M.

TUNE.—*Carrier Dove.*

WE have heard from that bright, that
holy land ;
We have heard, and our hearts are glad,
For we are a lonely pilgrim band,
And weary, and worn, and sad.

They tell us the pilgrims have a dwelling
there,

No longer are homeless ones,
And we know that the goodly land is fair,
Where life's pure river runs.

2 They say green fields are waving there,
That never a blight shall know ;
And the deserts wild are blooming fair,
And the roses of Sharon grow.
There are lovely birds in the bowers green,
Their songs are blithe and sweet ;
And their warblings, gushing ever new,
The angels' harpings greet.

3 We have heard of the palms, the robes, the
crowns,
And the silvery band in white ;
Of the city fair, with pearly gates,
All radiant with light.
We have heard of the angels there, and
saints,
With their harps of gold, how they sing ;
Of the mount, with the fruitful tree of life ;
Of the leaves that healing bring.

4 The King of that country, he is fair,
He is the joy and the light of the place ;
In his beauty we shall behold him there,
And bask in his smiling face.

We'll be there, we'll be there, in a little while,
We'll join the pure and the blest ;
We'll have the palm, the robe, the crown,
And forever be at rest.

21

P. M.

THERE ARE NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

WHAT if our bark o'er life's rough wave
By adverse winds be driven,
And howling tempests round us rave—
There are no tears in heaven.

2 What though affliction be our lot,
Our hearts with anguish riven,
Still let it never be forgot—
There are no tears in heaven.

3 If sweetest joys here vanish all,
And fade like hues at even,
Our brightest hopes like meteors fall—
There are no tears in heaven.

4 The mourner sad, who, drowned in grief,
Hath long in sorrow striven,
Shall find at last a sweet relief,—
Tears wiped away in heaven.

6 Thou, God, our joy and rest shall be,
And sorrow far be driven ;
And sin and death forever flee
The tearless courts of heaven.

22

P. M.

A FEW more days on earth to spend,
And all my toils and cares shall end,
Then I shall see my God and Friend,
And praise his name on high.
There's no more sighs, and no more tears,
There's no more pains, and no more fears,
But God and Christ and heav'n appears
Unto the ravished eye.

2 Then, O my soul! despond no more,
The storm of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall find the peaceful shore
Of everlasting rest.
O happy day! O joyful hour!
When freed from earth, my soul shall tow'r
Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
To be forever blest.

3 My soul anticipates the day,
I'd joyfully the call obey,
Which summons then my soul away
To seats prepar'd above.
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his belov'd embrace,
And taste the fulness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.

4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's black billows roll before :
Yet still by faith I see the shore,
Beyond the rolling flood ;

The heav'nly Canaan sweet and fair,
 Before my ravish'd eyes appear ;
 It makes me almost think I'm there,
 In yonder bright abode.

5 To earthly cares I'd say farewell,
 And triumph over death and hell,
 And go where saints and angels dwell,
 To praise the eternal Three.
 I'll join with them who 're gone before,
 Who sing and shout, their suff'rings o'er,
 Where pain and parting are no more,
 To all eternity.

6 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
 And all this region here below,
 Where naught but disappointments grow,
 A better world's in view.
 My Saviour calls ! I haste away,
 I would not here forever stay :
 Hail ! ye bright realms of endless day !
 Vain world, once more, adieu.

23

P. M.

HEAVENLY REST.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
 To mourning wanderers given ;
 There is a tear for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast—
 'Tis found above in heaven !

- 2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
Fair as the breath of even ;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven !
- 3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven !
- 4 There, faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven !
- 5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom :
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.



MISCELLANEOUS.

24

C. M.

SPIRITUAL SONG,
For Class Meeting.

COME classmates, don't grow weary,
But let us journey on,

The moments will not tarry,
This life will soon be gone ;
The passing scenes all tell us
That death must be our doom,
These bodies soon must moulder
In the dark and dreary tomb.

2 Our friends have gone before us,
They beckon us away,
We never more shall see them,
Till the fearful judgment day ;
But we have listed in the army,
We have listed for the war,
We will fight until we conquer
By faith and humble prayer.

3 Our Captain's gone before us,
He bids us all to come ;
High up in endless glory,
He has fitted up our home ;
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will strive to hedge our way,
But we'll overcome their powers,
If we only watch and pray.

4 And Jesus will be with us,
Even to our journey's end,
In every sore affliction,
His "present help" to lend ;
He never will grow weary,
Though often we request ;
"He will give us grace to conquer,"
"And take us home to rest."

5 Then glory be to Jesus,
Who bought us with his blood ;
And glory be to Jesus,
Who gives us every good ;
And glory be to Jesus,
Who will keep us to the end ;
All glory be to Jesus,
The sinner's only friend.

25

P. M.

THE CLASS ROOM.

Same tune as Itinerant.

LET others delight in the gambols of mirth,
In pleasures of riot and glee ;
But among all the places frequented on earth,
The classroom is sweetest to me.

2 There kindred souls meet and converse as
of old,
Their record on high is the same ;
For the Lord looketh down and includes in
his fold,
The faithful who think on his name.

3 There spirit meets spirit, and eye speaks to
eye,
And cords of sweet sympathy bind ;
And together they press to their home in the
sky,
Forgetting the sorrows behind.

- 4 There hope plumes her wings and exult-
ingly goes,
To bring, from the land of the blest,
Those sweet leaves from the tree that in Para-
dise grows,
To heal all the wounds of the breast.
- 5 Hope sings of a land where none ever shall
die,
Where friendships shall never be riven,
Where the tears shall be wiped from each
sorrowing eye,
And all shall be happy in heaven.
-

26

P. M.

THE LITTLE HYMN.

- COME little children, now we may partake
a little morsel,
For little songs, and little ways, adorned a
great Apostle.
A little drop of Jesus' blood can make a feast
of union ;
It is by little steps we move into a full com-
munion.
- 2 A little faith does mighty deeds, quite past
all my recounting ;
Faith, like a little mustard seed, can move a
lofty mountain.

A little charity and zeal—a little tribulation—

A little patience, makes us feel great peace and consolation.

3 A little cross with cheerfulness, a little self-denial,

Will help us feel our troubles less, and bear the greater trial.

The Spirit, like a little dove, on Jesus once descended ;

To show his meekness and his love, the emblem was intended.

4 A little zeal supplies the soul ; it doth the heart inspire ;

A little spark lights up the whole, and sets the crowd on fire.

A little union serves to hold the good and tender hearted ;

It's stronger than a chain of gold, that never can be parted.

5 Come, let us labour here below ; see who can walk the straightest ;

For in God's kingdom, all must know, the least shall be the greatest.

O give us, Lord, a little drop of heavenly love and union ;

O may we never, never stop, short of a full communion.

6 Fear not, says Christ, ye little flock, heirs
of immortal glory,
You're built upon the surest rock, the king-
dom's just before you.
Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of bliss, and tell
the pleasing story,
I'm with you till the world shall end, I'll
bring you home to glory.

27

P. M.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring,
To my raptur'd vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Around the bright elysian.
Lo ! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies ;
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him ;
Myriads with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him ;
Angelic trumps resound his fame ;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name ;
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station ;

Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing the great salvation ;
 Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry in reverential tone,
 Glory be to God alone,
 Holy ! Holy ! Holy One !

4 Hark ! the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, methinks, to seize us ;
 Join we to the holy lays—
 Jesus—Jesus—Jesus !
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
 Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung—
 Jesus—Jesus—flows along.



28

P. M.

THE BEAM IN THE EYE.

SINCE meridian light commenced,
 Purer love revealed to some ;
 If there still must be offences,
 Woe to him by whom they come !
 Jesus said, Be meek and lowly,
 'Tis not right to be a judge ;
 If I would be pure and holy,
 I must love without a grudge.

2 It requires a constant labour
 All his precepts to obey ;
 If I truly love my neighbour,
 Then I'm in the holy way.

Judge not that ye be not judged,
Was the counsel Christ did give,
And the measure you have given,
Just the same you must receive.

3 If I say unto my neighbour,
In thine eye there is a mote,
If thou art a friend or brother,
Hold, and I will pull it out.
But I could not get it clearly,
For my sight was very dim ;
When I come to see more clearly,
In my eye there was a beam.

4 If I truly love my neighbour,
And his mote I would erase,
Then my sight must shine most clearly,
For the eye's a tender place ;
Others I have oft reprov'd .
For a little single mote ;
Now I wish the beam removed ;
Oh that love would work it out !

5 Charity (or love) is healing,
It would give a purer sight ;
When I saw my neighbour's failing,
I was not exactly right.
Now I'll take no further trouble,
Since Christ's love is all my theme ;
Little motes are but a bubble,
When I think upon the beam.

29

P. M.

RIVER OF DEATH.

RIVER of death, thy stream I see,
Between the bright city of rest and me ;
Fearless thy sable surge I'll brave,
For sweet is the prospect o'er thy wave.

CHORUS.—Waft me, O waft me safely o'er,
And land me, dear Saviour, on
Canaan's shore.

2 Why should I fear to stem thy tide,
With him who has loved me, as guard and
guide ?
Wisdom and power control thy flood,
While faith says my passage was paid with
blood.

Waft me, O waft me, &c.

3 What is it gilds thy darksome foam ?
'Tis light shining forth from my happy home.
Music that thrills my soul to hear,
Seems floating me over thy surface drear.

Waft me, O waft me, &c.

4 Help me, I feel the waters rise,
Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes.
Saviour, I come—I soon shall be
Among the blest purchase of Calvary.

Waft me, O waft me, &c.

30

P. M.

RESURRECTION HYMN.

As sung by REV. WM. TAYLOR, *of California.*

THE angels that watched 'round the tomb,
Where low the Redeemer was laid ;
When deep in mortality's gloom,
He laid for a season his head ;
That veiled the fair forms whilst he slept,
And ceased their sweet harps to employ ;
Have witnessed his rising, and swept
Their chords in the triumph of joy.

2 Ye saints who once languished below,
But long since have entered your rest ;
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast.
The grave in which Jesus was laid,
Hath buried my guilt and my fears ;
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of his presence appears.

3 Oh ! sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done ;
The blush which spreads over its west,
The last lingering ray of its sun.
Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom ;
And see immortality's light,
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

4 Then welcome the last rending sighs,
When these aching heart-strings shall
break ;
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew the pale cheek,
No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave ;
The sunbeam of life as it sets,
Leaves a halo of peace on the grave.

31

P. M.

THE ITINERANT.

WHEN Jesus, my Saviour, first called
me to go,
And publish salvation and peace,
He told me if faithful while toiling below,
His care for my soul should not cease.

2 With God and my Bible I parted from
home,
And bade my dear kindred adieu ;
O'er mountains and valleys a stranger to
roam,
Where places and scenes were all new.

3 My path has been varied by pleasure and
pain,
By friendship and hatred most keen,
But like the bright bow on the clouds after
rain,
God's care o'er my pathway has been.

4 Deserted by friends and derided by foes,
 Exhausted by toils and alarms,
 My soul has been happy in constant repose,
 Enfolded in Christ's loving arms.

5 In perils by land and in perils by sea,
 In cruel reproaches and pain,
 A pillar of cloud has my Lord been to me,
 To shelter, refresh, and sustain.

6 But God has been with me my soul to sustain,
 And bring me to glory and peace;
 And soon in his kingdom a crown I shall gain,
 And then shall my sorrows all cease.

32 8's, 7's, and 4's.

STAR OF PEACE, HOPE, AND FAITH.

STAR of peace to wanderer weary,
 Give the beams that smile on thee;
 { Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
 { Far, far at sea. [Rep.]

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
 Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
 { Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
 { Far, far at sea. [Rep.]

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his prayer, he flies to thee ;
{ Save him, though on billows rocking,
{ Far, far at sea. [*Rep.*]

4 Star of God, yet safely guide him
To the shore he longs to see ;
{ Long tempestuous waves have tried him,
{ Far, far at sea. [*Rep.*]

33

P. M.

THE WHITE PILGRIM.

I CAME to the spot where the white pil-
grim lay,
And pensively stood by his tomb,
When in a low whisper I heard something say,
“ How sweetly I sleep here alone !

2 “ The lightning may flash, and the loud
thunder roar,
And gathering storms may arise ;
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

3 “ The cause of my Master compelled me from
home ;
I bade my companions farewell,
I left my dear children who for me do
mourn,
In the far distant regions to dwell.

- 4 " When off among strangers and far from
my home,
No friends or relations were nigh,
I met the contagion and sank in the tomb,
My spirit ascended on high.
- 5 " Go tell my companion and children most
dear,
To weep not for me though I'm gone ;
The same hand that led me through scenes
dark and drear,
Has kindly conducted me home."
-

34

C. M.

THE FIRM BANK.

I HAVE a never failing Bank,
A more than Golden Store ;
No earthly Bank is half so rich,
How can I then be poor ?

2 'Tis when my stock is spent and gone,
And I without a groat,
I'm glad to hasten to my Bank,
And beg a little note.

3 Sometimes my Banker smiling says,
" Why don't you oft'ner come ?
And when you draw a little note,
Why not a larger sum ?

- 4 "Why live so niggardly and poor,
Your bank contains a plenty?
Why come and take a one pound note,
When you might have a twenty?
- 5 "Yea, twenty thousand ten times told,
Is but a trifling sum,
To what your Father has laid up,
Secure in God his Son."
- 6 Since then my Banker is so rich,
I have no cause to borrow,
I'll live upon my cash to-day,
And draw again to-morrow.
- 7 I've been a thousand times before,
And never was rejected;
Sometimes my Banker gives me more
Than asked for or expected.
- 8 I know my Bank will never break—
No, it can never fail,
The firm—three persons in one God,
Jehovah—Lord of all.
- 9 And if you have but one small note,
Fear not to bring it in;
Come boldly to the Bank of Grace—
The Banker is within.
- 10 All forged notes will be refused,
Man-merits are rejected:
There's not a single note will pass,
That God has not accepted.

11 Tho' thousand ransomed souls may say,
They have no notes at all—
Because they feel the plagues of sin,
So ruined by the fall—

12 The Bank is full of precious notes,
All sign'd and seal'd and free,
Though many doubting souls may say,
There is not one for me.

13 The leper had a little note—
“Lord, if thou wilt, thou can;”
The Banker cash'd this little note,
And heal'd the sickly man.

14 We read of one young man, indeed,
Whose riches did abound,
But in the Banker's book of Grace,
This man was never found.

15 But see the wretched, dying thief,
Hang by the Banker's side,
He cried, “Dear Lord, remember me,”
And got his cash—and died.

35

P. M.

Tune of the Pearl.

AND must I bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No! there's a cross for every one;
And there's a cross for me.

Yes, there's a cross on Calvary,
Through which by faith the crown I see,
To me 'tis pardon bringing,
Oh, that's the cross for me.

2 We'll bear the consecrated cross,
Till from the cross we're free,
And then go up to wear a crown,
For there's a crown for me ;
Yes, there's a crown in heaven above ;
The purchase of a Saviour's love,
For me it is appearing,
Oh, that's the crown for me.

3 The friends that flee when trials come,
Are not the friends for me ;
Like flitted birds, ah ! see how soon
Their seats will vacant be.
But there's a Friend I dearly love,
Who, for me, left the courts above,
And bled and died for me,
Oh, that's the Friend for me.

4 This world, with all its fleeting show,
Is not the world for me ;
'Tis mixed with many tears, I know,
And scenes of misery.
But there's a world so pure and fair ;
And none but saints can enter there,
From sin and sorrow free,
Oh, that's the world for me.

5 How happy are the saints above,
 Who once were wandering here !
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a fear.
 Yes, perfect love can dry a tear,
 And cast out all tormenting fear,
 Which round my heart is clinging ;
 Oh, that's the love for me.

6 A city fair, for saints a home,
 Where God is coming down ;
 His children rest, no more to roam,
 In the New Jerusalem.
 O Jesus, come, come quickly, come,
 I long to see my heavenly home,
 Of immortality ;
 Oh, that's the home for me.

36

P. M.

THE CROSS. BY W. K.

(Written expressly for this work.)

TUNE.—*Old Arm Chair.*

I LOVE it—I love it—and who shall dare
 To chide me for loving the Cross so dear ?
 I will cleave to it still, as a holy prize,
 I'll bedew it with tears, and embalm it with
 sighs ;
 I will bind it evermore close to my heart,
 By ties so strong, that e'en death cannot part ;
 Do you ask me why ? My Saviour died there,
 And a sacred thing is that Cross so dear.

2 And I'll cleave unto it, from day to day,
When the joys of earth are all fled away,
And basking still in my Saviour's smile,
The Cross shall my darkest hours beguile ;
And as years roll on till my last one is sped,
And I enter the dark silent shades of the
dead.—

While I live—when I die—to the Cross I'll
repair,
For my only hope is in the Cross so dear.

3 'Tis mine—'tis mine—and I cleave to it
now,
Though the shadows of death gather thick
on my brow ;
'Twas here Jesus suffer'd—'twas here that he
died,
And my refuge is still in the Lamb crucified.
You may say it is folly—you may deem me
weak,
As the tears of joy flow down my cheek ;
But I love it—I love it—and none shall tear
My trusting heart from the Cross so dear.

37

P. M.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ROBE.

DRESSED uniform Christ's soldiers are,
When duty calls abroad ;
Not purchased by their cost nor care,
But by their Prince bestowed.

Christ's soldiers, too, have Christ-like bread
And regimental dress ;
'Tis heavenly white and mixed with red,
'Tis Christ our righteousness.

2 A rich and costly robe it is,
And to the soldier dear ;
No rose can learn to blush like this,
No lily look so fair ;
'Tis wrought by Jesus' skillful hand,
And stained with his own blood,
Which makes the angels gazing stand,
To view this robe of God.

3 No art of man can weave this robe,
'Tis of such texture fine,
Nor could the wealth of all the globe
By purchase make it mine ;
'Tis of one piece and wove throughout
So curiously, that none
Can dress up in this uniform,
Till Jesus puts it on.

4 This vesture never waxes old,
Nor spot thereon can fall ;
It makes the soldier brisk and bold,
And dutiful withal.
This robe put on me, Lord, each day,
And it shall hide my shame,
'Twill make me shout, and sing, and pray.
And bless my Captain's name.

5 How brisk and bold Christ's soldiers are,
When dressed up in this robe !
They look like men equipped for war,
And like the sons of God.
Their shield is faith—their helmet, hope,
And thus they march Christ's road ;
Christ's spirit is their glittering sword
'To fight the war for God.

6 When dressed up in this uniform,
In order march along ;
Christ Jesus is their leader now,
And conscience beats the drum.
The trumpet sounds, at God's command,
A long and joyful sound ;
Christ's soldiers shout, and praise their King,
And the walls come tumbling down.

38

P. M.

REST IN HEAVEN. BY W. K.

TUNE.—*Ellen Bayne.*

PILGRIM and stranger, sadly I roam,
'Mid toil and danger, far, far from home ;
Faint, yet pursuing, by fierce tempests driven,
My strength still renewing, my hope is in
heaven.

CHORUS.—Soon my conflicts will be o'er,
Soon I'll gain the blissful shore,
Where I'll toil and weep no more,
At rest in heaven.

2 Friends fondly cherished, wait for me there,
Happy with Jesus, his glory they share ;
Soon will I greet them, no tie shall be riven,
For there I shall meet them all happy in
heaven.

CHORUS.—There we'll meet to part no more,
United on that blissful shore,
Together sing our sufferings o'er,
All saved in heaven.

3 There free from anguish, free from all fear,
No more I'll languish, shedding no tear,
Weeping ! no, never ! the crown will be given,
Forever and ever be happy in heaven.

CHORUS.—There I'll join the thrilling strains,
That echo o'er the heavenly plains,
Where perfect love forever reigns,
Where all is heaven.

4 Loved ones in glory beckon me on ;
I list to their story, see their bright crown,
Joys everlasting to me will be given,
Treasures unwasting, glory in heaven.

CHORUS.—There we'll dwell with Christ above,
There we'll praise redeeming love,
More than angels' joy we'll prove,
Happy in heaven.

39

P. M.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward
bound,

Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the wheel,
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale,
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud cracking sail,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last,
Softly we drift on its soft, silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God, we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

40

P. M.

INDIAN HYMN.

TUNE.—Come on my partners in distress. |

IN de dark woods, no Indian nigh,
Den me look heaven and send up cry,
Upon my knee so low ;
But God on high in shiny place,
See me at night, wid teary face :
De priest he tell me so.

2 God send he angel, take um care,
He come heself and hear um prayer,
If Indian heart do pray :
He see me now, he know me here,
He say, Poor Indian, nebber fear,
Me wid you night and day.

3 So me lub God wid inside heart,
He fight for me, he take um part,
He save um life before ;
God hear poor Indian in de wood,
So me lub him and dat be good ;
Me pray him two times more.

4 When me be old, me head be gray,
Den he no leave me, so him say,
Me wid you till you die.
Den take me up to shiny place,
See white man, black man, red man face,
All happy like on high.

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

OUR bondage it will end,
By-and-by—by-and-by ;
From Egypt's yoke set free,
In that glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return,
By-and-by.

2 Our Deliverer he will come,
By-and-by—by-and-by,
And our sorrows have an end
With our three-score years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day—
By-and-by.

3 Though our enemies are strong,
We'll go on—we'll go on.
If our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo ! Sinai's God is near ;
While the fiery pillar moves,
We'll go on.

4 And when to Jordan's flood
We are come—we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransomed hosts shall shout,
We are come.

5 There we shall meet again,
Those we loved—those we loved ;

Our embraces shall be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more,
Those we loved.

42

P. M.

THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY.

LOW down in this beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the
lowly,
Where the loud storms of envy and folly
May roll on their billows in vain.
The poor soul that is under subjection,
May here find unshaken protection,
Where soft gales of cheering reflection
The mind soothe from sorrow and pain.

2 This low vale is free from contention,
Where no soul can dream of dissension,
No dark wiles of evil invention
Can find out this region of peace.
Oh there, there the Lord will deliver,
And the soul shall drink from that beautiful
river,
Where peace flows forever and ever,
And love and joy forever increase.

3 Ye lone sons of misfortune, come hither,
Where joys bloom and never shall wither,
Where faith binds all christians together,
In love to the sovereign I Am ;

There, there surrounded with glory,
O Lord, we will worship before Thee,
And shouting redemption's glad story,
We sing the praise of God and the Lamb.

43

C. M.

SOMETHING NEW.

SINCE man by sin has lost his God,
He seeks creation through ;
And vainly strives for solid bliss,
In trying something new.

2 The new possessed, like fading flowers,
Soon loses its gay hue ;
The bubble now no longer charms,
The mind wants something new.

3 Could we but call all Europe ours,
California and Peru ;
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

4 But when the Saviour's love we feel,
All good in him we view ;
The mind forsakes its vain delights,
In Christ finds something new.

5 The joys the dear Redeemer gives,
Will bear a strict review,
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new.

6 Cheerful we'll walk the road to bliss,
Joined with a happy few ;
And when we reach our journey's end,
Find heaven forever new.

44

D. C. M.

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE ?

I ASKED the glad and happy child,
Whose hands were filled with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild
Among the vine-wreathed flowers :
I crossed her sunny path, and cried,
“ When is the time to die ? ”
“ Not yet ! not yet ! ” the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

2 I asked a maiden ; back she threw
The tresses of her hair ;
Grief's traces o'er her cheeks I knew—
Like pearls they glistened there ;
A flush passed o'er her lily brow,
I heard her spirit sigh ;
“ Not now,” she cried, “ O no ! not now,
Youth is no time to die ! ”

3 I asked a mother, as she pressed
Her first-born in her arms,
As gently on her tender breast
She hushed her babe's alarms ;

In quivering tones her accents came—
Her eyes were dim with tears ;
“ My boy his mother’s life must claim
For many, many years.”

4 I questioned one in manhood’s prime,
Of proud and fearless air ;
His brow was furrowed not by time,
Or dimmed by woe or care.
In angry accents he replied,
And flashed with scorn his eye—
“ Talk not to me of death,” he cried,
“ For only age should die.”

5 I questioned age ; for him the tomb
Had long been all prepared ;
But death, who withers youth and bloom,
This man of years had spared.
Once more his nature’s dying fire
Flashed high, and thus he cried :
“ Life—only life is my desire !”
Then gasped, and groaned, and died.

6 I asked a christian : “ Answer thou,
When is the hour of death ?”
A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath ;
And sweetly o’er his features stole
A smile, a light divine,
And spake the language of his soul—
“ My Master’s time is mine !”

45

P. M.

REJOICING HYMN.

COME saints and sinners, hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high;
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he passed by,
“With God you have no union.”

3 Then I began to weep and cry,
And looked this way and that, to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation for to buy;
But still I had no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he washed me clean;
And oh! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union!

5 I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
About this heavenly union.

THE SINNER'S INVITATION.

SINNER, go, will you go
To the highlands of heaven?
Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given:
Where the bright blooming flowers
Are their odors emitting,
And the leaves of the bowers
In the breezes are flitting?

2 Where the saints robed in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright,—
They inhabit the mountain,
Where no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner, come—
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

47

P. M.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

O SINNERS, sinners, don't you see,
That the way is now prepared, Hallelu-
jah!

What Christ hath done for you and me?

Though we have been much degraded, Hal-
lelujah!

Yes, and very heavy laden, Hallelujah!

With sin and much temptation, Hallelujah!

2 But when we're tempted, and when we're
tried,

We must go and bow to Jesus, Hallelujah!

Who once for us was crucified,

To appease the wrath of justice, Hallelujah!

What a wonder-working Jesus, Hallelujah!

Who completed my salvation, Hallelujah!

3 And while he hung on Calvary!

Hark! hear the women crying, Hallelujah!

They saw him hanging on the tree,

In the agony of dying, Hallelujah!

Don't you see your dying Jesus, Hallelujah!

Answering the demand of justice, Halle-
lujah!

4 O christian, christian, don't you feel

This to be your bounden duty, Hallelujah!

To climb up Calvary's rugged hill,

And, like Joseph, beg his body, Hallelujah!

It was shrouded in white linen, Hallelujah !
And was laid in a sepulchre, Hallelujah !

5 Behold him going to the tomb !
To prepare the way for dying, Hallelujah !
They embalmed him with some rich perfume—
'Twas the act of purifying, Hallelujah !
And what do you think of dying, Hallelujah !
Don't you think it's very trying, Hallelujah !

6 Jesus laid three days in the silent tomb,
The grim monster Death to conquer, Hallelujah !
On the third day, Gabriel rolled away the
stone,
From the mouth of the sepulchre, Hallelujah !
Up rises conquering Jesus, Hallelujah !
Into Galilee he walked, Hallelujah !

7 Come, brethren, all with one accord,
Let us act the part of justice, Hallelujah !
Let us walk the self-denial road
With a view of suffering Jesus, Hallelujah !
Who arose and went to heaven, Hallelujah !
In the presence of the Eleven, Hallelujah !

8 A few more suffering days below—
Then like Jesus we'll be buried, Hallelujah !
And in a coming day I know
We to heaven will be carried, Hallelujah !
Then we'll go both soul and body, Hallelujah !
For to reign with God forever, Hallelujah !

9 But when we land on that blest shore,
 Our earthly cares are ended, Hallelujah !
 There we'll encamp forever more ;
 That's just what God intended, Hallelujah !
 That we should reign forever, Hallelujah !
 With Jesus our Saviour, Hallelujah !

48

P. M.

THE SHINING SHORE.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.—For oh ! we stand on Jordan's
 strand,
 Our friends are passing over,
 And just before the shining shore,
 We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our distant home discerning,
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 " Let every lamp be burning."

For oh ! we stand, &c.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing,
 That perfect rest naught can molest,
 Where golden harps are ringing.

For oh ! we stand, &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
 Each chord on earth to sever,
 Our King says, Come—and there's our home
 Forever, oh ! forever !

For oh ! we stand, &c.

49

P. M.

MERCY'S FREE.

BY faith I view my Saviour dying,
 On the tree, on the tree ;
 To every nation he is crying,
 Look to me, look to me ;
 He bids the guilty now draw near,
 Repent, believe, dismiss their fear—
 Hark ! hark ! what precious words I hear !
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
 Pity me, pity me ?
 And did he snatch my soul from ruin ?
 Can it be, can it be ?
 Oh, yes ! he did salvation bring—
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King—
 And now my happy soul can sing,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
 Peace to me, peace to me ;
 Now all my chains of sin are broken,
 I am free, I am free :

Soon as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received,
And Christ from death my soul retrieved ;
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes :
 Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
And every moment Christ is precious
 Unto me, unto me :
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove—
All may enjoy the Saviour's love ;
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

5 This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it :
 Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
Ye ministers of God, declare it :
 Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

6 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free :
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

50

8's and 4's.

(From the Christian Lyre.)

THERE'S a friend above all others,
Oh, how he loves !
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how he loves !
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
'This day kind, to-morrow grieve us,
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how he loves !

2 Blessed Jesus ! would'st thou know him ?
Oh, how he loves !
Give thyself e'en this day to him,
Oh, how he loves !
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee ?
Unbelief and trials tease thee ?
Jesus can from all release thee,
Oh, how he loves !

3 Love this friend who longs to save thee,
Oh, how he loves !
Dost thou love ? He will not leave thee,
Oh, how he loves !
'Think no more then of to-morrow,
'Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
Oh, how he loves !

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves !

Backward all thy foes be driven,
 Oh, how he loves!
 Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
 Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
 Safe to glory he will guide thee;
 Oh, how he loves!

5 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
 Oh, how he loves!
 Naught can cleave this love asunder,
 Oh, how he loves!
 Neither trial, nor temptation,
 Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
 Can bereave us of salvation;
 Oh, how he loves!

6 Let us still this love be viewing,
 Oh, how he loves!
 And though faint, keep on pursuing,
 Oh, how he loves!
 He will strengthen each endeavour,
 And when passed o'er Jordan's river,
 This shall be our song for ever,
 Oh, how he loves!

51

P. M.

THE BALM OF GILEAD.

TUNE.—Oh! when shall I see Jesus?

THERE we shall reign with Jesus,
 On that delightful shore,
 And shout with the redeemed,
 Our trials now are o'er.

The wicked cease from troubling,
The weary are at rest,
And we shall reign with Jesus,
Eternal ages blest.

2 We shall be like the angels,
In that immortal throng,
And sing aloud salvation,
'Twill be our lasting song ;
They sing creating goodness,
And we redeeming love,
And this shall be our business,
In the bright world above.

3 This love so freely flowing,
It animates our heart ;
This love is still abounding,
In every place and part ;
This love can ne'er be ended,
Though faith and hope should cease ;
This love can ne'er be bounded,
But ever will increase.

4 This love through endless ages,
It ever is the same,
'Tis this our heart engages,
To love and serve the Lamb ;
Unites us all together,
And makes us of one soul ;
It is the Balm of Gilead,
It makes the wounded whole.

52

P. M.

SKEPTIC, SPARE THAT BOOK.

TUNE—*Woodman, Spare that Tree.*

SKEPTIC! spare that book,
Touch not a single leaf,
Nor in its pages look
With eyes of unbelief;
'Twas my forefather's stay
In the hour of agony;
Skeptic! go thy way,
Go, let that old book be.

2 Its very name recalls
The happy hours of youth,
When in my grandsire's halls,
I heard its tales of truth.
I've seen his white hair flow
O'er the volume as he read;
But that was long ago,
The good old man is dead.

3 My dear grandmother, too,
When I was but a boy,
I've seen her eyes of blue
Weep o'er it tears of joy;
Their traces linger still,
And dear they are to me;
Skeptic! forego thy will,
Go, let that old book be.

4 A sure unerring guide,
 This book has proved to me,
 While on the stormy tide
 Of life's tempestuous sea.
 'Twill safely guide me o'er,
 Where trials never come,
 To Canaan's blissful shore,
 The christian's peaceful home.

53

P. M.

A CALL TO SINNERS.

COME, brothers, who do love the Lord,
 We'll blow the trump with one accord,
 We'll publish to the world around,
 What a dear Saviour we have found.

CHORUS.—Or you'll cry, and want to be
 Happy in eternity, eternity, eter-
 nity,
 Happy in eternity.

2 Come sinners all, on you we call,
 The invitation is to all,
 Now is your time, make no delay,
 'Tis Jesus calling you this day.

Or you'll cry, &c.

3 And now, backslider, if you are here,
 We call on you to give an ear,

Come wash and drink the balmy dew,
'Twas Christ that shed his blood for you.

Or you'll cry, &c.

4 And now ye aged and ye gray,
Who have strayed so long away,
Come, believe, and do come in,
Repent, repent, for now's your time.

Or you'll cry, &c.

5 And now ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear the shroud,
'Time will rob you of your bloom,
Death will drag you to the tomb.

Then you'll cry, &c.

6 Will you go to heaven or hell?
One you must, and there to dwell;
Christ will come and quickly too,
I must meet him, so must you.

Then you'll cry, &c.

7 The white throne will soon appear,
All the world must then draw near,
Sinners will be driven down,
Saints will wear the starry crown.

Then you'll cry, &c.

8 We'll sing of his love while here below,
 We'll sing of his graces as we go,
 We'll sing of his praises in heaven above,
 That Jesus is our dying love.

CHORUS.—We, his saints, then shall be
 Happy in eternity, eternity, eter-
 nity,
 Happy in eternity.

54

L. M.

HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
 'To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise,
 With all the saints I'll join to tell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

CHORUS.

Happy day ! happy day !
 When Jesus washed my sins away,
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day.
 Happy day ! happy day !
 When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
 His wisdom all his works express :
 But oh, his love what tongue can tell !
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

Happy day ! &c.

3 I spurned his grace—I broke his laws,
And yet he undertook my cause,
To save my sinful soul from hell :
My Jesus hath done all things well.

Happy day ! &c.

4 Though oft the Lord his face doth hide
To make me pray, or kill my pride ;
Yet on my mind it still doth dwell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

Happy day ! &c.

5 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in his arms resign my breath ;
Oh ! then, my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

Happy day ! &c.

6 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join sweep seraphs in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

Happy day ! &c.

55

P. M.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

TUNE.—*Annie Laurie.*

THOUGH in a world of sickness,
While on my Saviour's breast,

He strengthens all my weakness,
And makes me truly blest.

CHORUS.—Christ is all the world to me,
And his glory I shall see,
And before I'd leave my Saviour,
I'd lay me down and die.

2 He cheers my drooping spirit,
And fills me with his love,
And soon I shall inherit
Those shining realms above.

Christ is all the world to me, &c.

3 While on the banks of Jordan,
I now would launch away ;
But, oh ! this earthly burden
Still forces me to stay.

Christ is all the world to me, &c.

4 Could I but see my Jesus,
And scale the mountain height,
How would I shout his praises,
In yonder realms of light !

Christ is all the world to me, &c.

5 Christian, be not faint hearted;
Though least among the flock,
From Christ you'll ne'er be parted,
While built upon the rock.

Christ is all the world to me, &c.

6 Let's mend our pace to glory,
We soon shall meet above,
And sing the pleasing story
Of his redeeming love.

Christ is all the world to me, &c.

56

C. M.

PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.

IS there a thing that moves and breaks
A heart as hard as stone?
Or warms a heart as cold as ice?—
'Tis Jesus' blood alone.

2 One drop of this can truly cheer,
And heal the wounded soul;
What multitudes of broken hearts
The living stream makes whole!

3 The blood of Christ—the precious blood,
For me, for all atone;
'Tis dropping from the rugged wood,
It melts the heart of stone.

4 Oh! drop thy blood upon this soul,
And melt it into love;
'This dropping has made thousands whole,
This dropping from above.

57

P. M.

THERE IS A LAND OF PLEASURE.

THERE is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy forever roll :
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I hope to land my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray ;
But since my Saviour found me,
A light has shone along my way.

2 I'm on my way to Canaan,
Still guided by my Saviour's hand ;
Oh, come along, poor sinner,
And see Immanuel's happy land !
To all that stay behind me,
I bid a long, a last farewell !
Oh come, or you'll repent it
When you shall reach the gates of hell !

3 The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before :
Oh, how I stand and tremble,
To hear the dismal waters roar !
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there ;
From sinking down to darkness,
The doleful regions of despair ?

4 The waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave ;

If Jesus will stand by me,
 I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave.
 His word hath calmed the ocean,
 His lamp hath cheered the gloomy vale ;
 Oh, may this friend be with me,
 When through the gates of death I sail !

5 Then come, thou king of terrors,
 And with thy weapons lay me low !
 I soon shall reach that region,
 Where everlasting pleasures flow.
 Now, christians, I must leave you,
 A few more days to suffer here ;
 Through grace I soon shall meet you :
 My soul exults—I'm almost there.

6 Soon the archangel's trumpet
 Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
 And all the wheels of nature
 Shall in a moment cease to roll :
 Then shall I see my Saviour,
 With shining ranks of angels, come
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his ransomed people home.

58 3 8's and 2 7's.

THE specious world promiscuous flows,
 Enrapt in fancy's vision ;
 Allured by sound, beguiled by shows
 And empty dreams, nor scarcely knows
 There is a brighter heaven.

2 Fine gold will change, and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth be given ;
All-varying time our forms invade,
The seasons roll, light sink in shade—
There's nothing lasts but heaven.

3 Creation's mighty fabric all
Will be to atoms riven ;
The sky consumed, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball,
There's nothing firm but heaven.

4 This world with all its wealth is poor,
And like a baseless vision ;
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns are vain and poor,
There's nothing rich but heaven.

5 A stranger, lonely, here I roam,
From place to place I'm driven ;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom ;
This earth is lonely as a tomb,
I have no home but heaven.

6 The clouds disperse, the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven ;
Triumphant grace has quelled my fears ;
Roll on, ye suns, fly swift, ye years,
I'm on the wing for heaven.

7 And now I bid the world adieu,
Let life's dull chains be riven ;

The charms of Christ have caught my view,
The world of light I will pursue,
To live with him in heaven.

59

P. M.

STRENGTH IN TEMPTATION.

I'M travelling through the wilderness,
I'm oft assailed by sore temptation;
In the world I find no peace,
But in Christ, sweet consolation.
When first for heaven I set out,
I thought the road was fair and even;
Sweet peace I had, and not a doubt,
But that my sins were all forgiven.

2 I did not think that I so soon
Should meet with trials so afflicting,
That I should be so soon cast down,
By flesh and spirit so conflicting;
I soon found out if I would gain
Eternal life and joy forever!
If I would with my Saviour reign,
I must lay down my armor never.

3 I asked old soldiers in the way,
If they had been so troubled ever!
Oh yes, we often have, said they,
But Christ as often did deliver;
So put you the whole armor on,
And fight against the sore temptation,
And watch, and pray, and follow Christ,
The corner-stone of your foundation.

- 4 I then resolved I would go up
And gain the land beyond the river ;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But trust in Jesus to deliver.
I'm sometimes in the valley low,
I'm sometimes high upon the mountain ;
I often travel very slow,
Until I reach some cooling fountain.
- 5 When I'm discouraged, weak, and faint,
I drink the cup of his salvation ;
And thus my soul renews her strength,
And trusts in Christ my sure foundation.
'Tis true 'twas late ere I began
To seek with Christ to live forever ;
But now I run fast as I can,
I'm sure 'tis better late than never.
- 6 The journey quickly will be o'er,
The conflict be for ever ended,
And I shall land on Canaan's shore,
For that is just what God intended.
I then shall scale the mountain top,
And cross old Jordan's darksome river ;
I'll gain the object of my hope,
And live and reign with Christ forever.
-

60

L. M.

AS THY DAY, THY STRENGTH SHALL BE.

AFFLICTED saint ! to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear :

His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name :
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

4 When called by him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, and poverty ;
Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

5 When death at length appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
He comes to set thy spirit free ;
And "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

61

P. M.

O'ER THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS.

TUNE.—"*Prairie Flower.*"

O'ER the distant mountains, 'neath the
eastern skies,
Where the cooling fountains sweetly rise,
Where the waving palm trees, grateful
zephyrs fling,
Shepherds hailed their new born king.

Soft celestial music filled the midnight air,
Angel tongues the welcome tidings bear,
O'er Judea's hill-tops swift the echo ran,
"Peace on earth, good will to man."

CHORUS.—Hail great Redeemer ; Saviour of
all !

Thou art our hope, on thee we call ;
Saved from endless ruin all our
guilty race,
Are trophies of redeeming grace.

2 Yes, the King of Glory left his throne
above,

Oh, repeat the story of his love ;
Lift your heads, ye faint ones, 'twas for you
he came,

He bore your load of sin and shame.
He hath trod the wine-press of almighty
wrath,

He hath trod for you the thorny path ;
No more smoking altars to the heavens rise,
Simple faith may grasp the prize.

Hail, great Redeemer, &c.

3 Oh ye saints adore him—Bethlehem's in-
fant King,

Prostrate bow before him—offerings bring,
Not the golden treasure brought by men of old,
But hearts whose love will ne'er grow cold.

Lift your heads and praise him, ye who love
his name,
Hallelujahs raising, spread his fame ;
Let the glorious anthem sound from shore to
shore,
Till time with us shall be no more.

Hail, great Redeemer, &c.

62

P. M.

THE BIBLE.

TUNE.—“Willie, we have missed you.”

THERE is a blessed volume, whose page
fair and bright,
Outshines the orbs of heaven, and dims their
feeble light,
'Tis the guiding star of all who shall tread
life's thorny road,
And 'tis gilded with the glory beaming from
the throne of God.
It will light our onward path—chase the
darkness from the tomb,
And bring us to our Father—safely,
safely home.

2 'Tis there we read that Jesus, the pure and
undefiled,
The great and mighty Saviour, was once a
little child,

How he lived and walked on earth, 'mid the
 evil and the good,
 Till he purchased our redemption with his
 own most precious blood,
 And we hear a voice divine, sweetly sounding
 through the gloom,
 Oh, "suffer little children," let them, let
 them come.

3 Oh, yes, we'll go to Jesus—he hears when
 we pray,
 He'll guide our fainting footsteps 'till life shall
 wear away ;
 If we trust his precious promise, whatever
 may betide,
 We shall reach the golden city, with the an-
 gels for our guide ;
 And we'll hear the voice divine, sweetly call-
 ing to us—"Come,
 Ye blessed of my Father,"—welcome,
 welcome home.

63

P. M.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

I'M but a stranger here. Heaven is my
 home.
 Earth is a desert drear. Heaven is my home.
 Dangers and sorrows stand,
 Round me on every hand,
 Heaven is my Father's land. Heaven is my
 home.

2 What, though the tempests rage? Heaven
is my home.

Short is my pilgrimage. Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last. Heaven is my
home.

3 What, though the world allure? Heaven
is my home.

Still is the promise sure. Heaven is my home.
Steadfast by faith I see
Him who, on Calvary,
Purchased this bliss for me. Heaven is my
home.

4 Peace, O my troubled soul! Heaven is
my home.

I soon shall reach the goal. Heaven is my
home.

Swiftly the race I'll run,
Yield up my crown to none,
Forward, the prize is won. Heaven is my
home.

5 There at my Saviour's side. Heaven is my
home.

I shall be glorified. Heaven is my home.

There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
There too, I soon shall rest. Heaven is my
home.

64

P. M.

COME, CHILDREN, LET US SING.

TUNE.—“ *Old Dog Tray.*”

COME, children, let us sing, while time is
on the wing,
And each precious moment is hastening to
be gone,
We'll sing of that bright land, where holy
angels stand,
Forever round the Father's throne.

CHORUS.—There we shall sing a risen Saviour,
There every tear shall be dry ;
While infant voices sweet in melody
repeat,
The joyful anthem of the sky.

2 A little while below, we on our journey go,
In storm and in sunshine, in gladness and
gloom ;
We'll upward lift our eye, “ the day-star from
on high,”
Will cheer us on our pathway home.

There we shall sing, &c.

3 No joys that have their birth, in this poor
fleeting earth,
Shall lure us aside from the straight and
narrow road,

Temptation's stormy hour, when clouds and
sorrows lower,
Will draw us nearer to our God.

There we shall sing, &c.

4 Oh, blissful thought! at last our journey
will be past,
The bright scenes of glory will burst upon
our view,
Forever free from sin, and with our Lord shut
in,
We'll praise him endless ages through.

There we shall sing, &c.

65

S. M.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

FOR me to live is Christ,
To die is endless gain,
For him I gladly bear the cross,
And welcome grief and pain.
Faithful may I endure,
And hear my Saviour say,
Thrice welcome home, beloved child,
Inherit endless day.

2 My friends are there I know,
I saw them sweetly die,
And angels bear them far away,
To blissful worlds on high.

Nor will I cease the strife;
 Nor give the conflicts o'er,
 Till death is swallowed up of life,
 Where we shall part no more.

3 A pilgrimage is my lot,
 My home is in the skies,
 I nightly pitch my tents below,
 And daily higher rise.
 My journey soon will end,
 My scrip and staff lay down,
 Oh tempt me not with earthly toys
 I go to wear a crown.

66

P. M.

BLEST ONES AT HOME.

TUNE.—*Old Folks at Home.*

BY REV. L. C. LOCKWOOD.

O'ER on the banks of life's pure river,
 Far, far away,
 There's where my heart is turning ever,
 There's where the blest ones stay ;
 All through this vale of tribulation,
 Sadly I roam ;
 Still longing for that habitation,
 And for the blest ones at home.

CHORUS.—All this world is sad and dreary,
 Where'er I roam ;

O brothers, how my heart grows
weary,
Far from the blest ones at home !

2 Through many a devious path I've wandered,
In youth's gay morn ;
And many a precious hour I've squandered,
And treated heaven with scorn ;
While seeking earth's alluring pleasures,
Wretched was I ;
Till I secured enduring treasures,
There with the blest ones on high.

3 From that one source are ever gushing
Memories of love ;
Thoughts of that day upon me rushing,
Bear me to scenes above ;
There every sigh is changed to singing,
Banished all gloom ;
Hushed every plaint, while joy is ringing,
Where dwell the blest ones at home.

4 Come let us join that happy concert,
Far, far away ;
Oh let each saint and joyful convert
Press tow'rd the realms of day ;
Come, mourner, filled with deep contrition,
Christ bids you come ;
Come, sinner, flee from dark perdition,
In Christ and heaven there's room.

67

P. M.

LOVING JESUS.

TUNE.—*Katy Darling.*

BY REV. L. C. LOCKWOOD.

OH, they tell me thou art gone, loving Jesus,
That thy face I may never more behold !
Do they tell me I'll prove false, loving Jesus,
Or my love to thee shall e'er grow cold ?

Oh, they know not the loving
Of the hearts of Zion's sons,
When a love like to thine, loving Jesus,
Is the goal to the race that one runs ;
Oh, hear me ! dear Jesus !
Let thy sweet smiles but greet me, loving
Jesus,
Let me see thee as hanging on the tree,
Come from glory and meet me, loving Jesus,
Behold, Lord, I'm waiting for thee.

2 I'm weeping o'er thy grave, loving Jesus,
This world is all a blank world to me,
Oh listen to my wailing, loving Jesus,
And think, Lord, I'm sighing for thee ;
Oh methinks the stars are weeping,
By their soft and lambent light,
And my fond heart is melting, loving Jesus,
When I think how that day turned to night ;
I mourn thee ! dear Jesus !
In the grave thou wast sleeping, loving Jesus,
When thy body was taken from the tree.
And for thee I am weeping, loving Jesus,
Oh know, Lord, I'm weeping for thee.

3 But hush ! I'll cease my weeping, loving
Jesus,

And I'll pray that thy Spirit be my guide,
That when my life is spent, loving Jesus,

I may sit upon the throne by thy side ;
Thou hast borne my heavy burden,

And I'll check each rising sigh ;
But I'll ever be thinking, loving Jesus,
Of thy love every day till I die.

'Then hail thee ! dear Jesus !

Then with joy will I greet thee, loving Jesus,
Now enthroned, though once hanging on a
tree !

Yes, in heaven I shall meet thee, loving Jesus,
For there, Lord, thou'rt waiting for me.



68

P. M.

JESUS HAIL.

TUNE.—*Lilly Dale.*

BY REV. L. C. LOCKWOOD.

THIS a calm, still night,
And the moon's pale light
Shines soft o'er hill and vale ;
But the heart, mute with grief,
Looks up for relief,
And a Friend I in Jesus hail.

CHORUS.

O Jesus ! dear Jesus ! dear Jesus, hail !
Now the aching bosom

Hath for each wo a balm,
As I'm passing through life's lowly vale.

2 The cheek that hath glowed,
As the rose tint blowed,
The hand of disease may turn pale ;
And the death damp fall now,
Upon the white brow,
Yet a Friend I in Jesus hail.

3 I with him shall be blest,
In the land of rest,
When heart and flesh shall fail ;
When this dust lieth low,
I to heaven shall go,
And a Friend in my Jesus hail.

4 When o'er my green grave,
The wild flowers wave,
And the stream ripples by through the vale,
Then with angels I'll sing,
And make heaven's arches ring,
As a Friend I in Jesus hail.

69

C. M.

LONGING FOR JESUS.

I LONG to see the season come,
When Jesus will be mine ;
Oh ! may we feel that we are one,
And know that we are thine.

- 2 Sinners, to Jesus now draw nigh,
And cast your cares on him ;
And then to Jesus you will fly,
And see your glorious King.
- 3 Jesus, we come before thee now,
And in thy presence dwell ;
Would thou, O Lord ! from heaven smile,
For fear we sink to hell.
- 4 Death we know is at the door,
And we must shortly go
To mingle with the spirits there,
Or sink to endless woe.
- 5 Would thou, dear Lord, in that dread hour,
Send some physician nigh ;
Send angels to convey me home
To him that bled and died.
- 6 Jesus the powers of hell subdues,
Let captives come to thee ;
Into thy arms for mercy fall,
And dwell eternally.
- 7 We are but pilgrims in this land,
We seek a better shore ;
We seek a place at God's right hand,
Where parting is no more.
- 8 There I shall reign, and shout, and sing
To him that died for me,
And make the heavenly arches ring
Through all eternity.

70

P. M.

CHRIST IS RISEN.

ALL went up to Calvary,
All went up to Calvary,
All went up to Calvary,
 To see him crucified,
 To see him crucified,
 To see him crucified,
All went up to Calvary,
 To see him crucified.

2 The Jews crucified him,
The Jews crucified him,
The Jews crucified him,
 And nailed him to a tree,
 And nailed him to a tree,
 And nailed him to a tree,
The Jews crucified him,
 And nailed him to a tree.

3 Joseph begged his body,
Joseph begged his body,
Joseph begged his body,
 And laid it in the tomb,
 And laid it in the tomb,
 And laid it in the tomb,
Joseph begged his body,
 And laid it in the tomb.

4 Down came an angel,
Down came an angel,
Down came an angel,
 And rolled away the stone,
 And rolled away the stone,
 And rolled away the stone,
Down came an angel,
 And rolled away the stone.

5 Mary came weeping,
Mary came weeping,
Mary came weeping,
 To see her loving Lord,
 To see her loving Lord,
 To see her loving Lord,
Mary came weeping,
 To see her loving Lord.

6 Christ arose triumphant,
Christ arose triumphant,
Christ arose triumphant,
 And conquered death and hell,
 And conquered death and hell,
 And conquered death and hell,
Christ arose triumphant,
 And conquered death and hell.

7 I feel he is risen,
I feel he is risen,
I feel he is risen,

With healing in his wings,
 With healing in his wings,
 With healing in his wings,
 I feel he is risen,
 With healing in his wings.

8 Shout, shout the victory,
 Shout, shout the victory,
 Shout, shout the victory !
 I'm on my journey home,
 I'm on my journey home,
 I'm on my journey home,
 Shout, shout the victory !
 I'm on my journey home.

71

P. M.

HEAVEN.

WE speak of the realms of the blessed,
 Of that country so bright and so fair ;
 And oft are its glories confessed ;
 But what must it be to be there ?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
 Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
 Of its wonders and pleasures untold ;
 But what must it be to be there ?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care—
 From trials without and within ;
 But what must it be to be there ?

4 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the first born above ;
But what must it be to be there ?

5 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or wo,
For thy heaven our spirits prepare ;
And shortly we also shall know,
Shall feel what it is to be there.

72

P. M.

THE INVITATION.

TUNE.—*Calvary.**Or, Hearken to me, brothers.*

BY REV. J. RUSTLING.

COME, poor sinner, come to Jesus,
Lo ! he left his throne for thee ;
Was there ever love more gracious ?
Mercy more entirely free ?

Look, poor sinner,
On the brow of Calvary.

2 Come, with all your sins, to Jesus,
Though they're neither small nor few ;
Come, receive his love most precious,
Hark ! he intercedes for you :—

“ Oh ! forgive them,
“ For they know not what they do.”

3 Come, poor sinners, Jesus loves you,
Greater love he could not show ;

Graciously his spirit moves you—
Haste, and come to Jesus now ;
Though incrimsoned,
He will make you white as snow.

4 Sinner, thou wast formed for heaven,
Though in sin's dark gulf thou lay ;
Come, O come, and be forgiven,
Why in sin so long delay ?
Come to Jesus,
Blood-bought sinners, come away.

5 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Kindly do invite you home—
Point to thrones ye may inherit—
Forms ye shall in heaven assume ;
Oh, ye much loved,
Trembling, dying sinners, come.

6 On the embattled heights of glory,
Hosts of wishful angels stay ;
Holding in their hands before you
Crowns of everlasting day,
Sweetly saying,
“ Welcome, sinner, come away.”

7 Rise, poor sinner, haste to Jesus,
Fly to your redeeming Lord ;
Now, this moment is auspicious,
In the skies thy name record ;
There full glory
Shall be given as thy reward.

73

P. M.

WESLEYAN HYMN.

WHEN the last trumpet sound,
Shakes the earth all around—
When the saints shall arise, and ascend to the
skies,
There to praise Him who died,
With his glorious bride—
And to praise him forever by Immanuel's side.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to Jesus, again and again,
We'll praise him forever, amen and amen !
To the Lamb that was slain,
And that liveth again,
Hallelujah, hallelujah ! forever he reigns !

2 There the patriarchs all,
And prophets, great and small,
In one company join, singing praises divine
To the Lamb that was slain,
But from death rose again,
And ascended to heaven in triumph to reign.

3 The apostolic band,
With their uplifted hands,
Give to Jesus the praise, salvation by grace ;
While the martyrs that bled,
Shall have crowns on their heads,
And from glory to glory, by Jesus be led.

4 There a Wesley doth stand,
In the midst of his band,
With his bright shining face, praising God
for free grace ;
While a Fletcher unites
With the old Israelites,
Giving glory to Jesus in rapturous delight.

5 Now arrayed all in white,
Saints and angels unite,
And in ecstasy gaze on the Ancient of Days ;
In melodious lays,
All their voices they raise,
And all heaven is filled with Immanuel's
praise.

6 Now redemption they sing,
To their glorious King,
All their voices they raise, while the angels
sing bass !
How it rolls o'er the plains,
In what glorious strains,
Hallelujah to Jesus ! forever he reigns.

74

P. M.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

TUNE.—*Bruce's Address.*

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise,
Look upon that glorious prize,
Christ hath placed before your eyes,
If you gain the day.

Gird, oh! gird your armor on,
You are led by God's own Son,
Many a battle he has won,
He will gain the day.

2 Draw your sword, present your shield,
Forward rush, and never yield,
Till your foes have quit the field,
You shall gain the day.
Guard your posts, both day and night,
For a subtle foe you fight,
And all hell it would delight,
Should you lose the day.

3 Often with your Captain be,
Oft before him bow the knee,
Then your foes will surely flee,
And you'll gain the day.
Then you'll lay your armor down,
And receive a starry crown,
And all heaven shall resound,
Christ has gained the day.

4 There the old soldiers all shall meet,
And their old companions greet,
And the glorious theme repeat,
Christ has gained the day.
There your foes assail no more,
The victory's won, the battle's o'er,
You shall worship and adore,
Through an endless day.

75

P. M.

PEACE ! BE STILL.

TUNE.—*Ornan.*

FROM THE CHRISTIAN MINSTREL.

ONCE upon the stormy ocean
Rode a bark at evening tide,
While the waves in wild commotion
Dashed against the vessel's side ;
Jesus, sleeping on a pillow,
Heeded not the raging billow ;
While waging winds were all abroad,
Calmly slept the son of God.

2 In that dark and stormy hour,
Fearful ones awaked their Lord ;
Jesus, by his sovereign power,
Calmed the tempest with a word.
On life's dark and stormy ocean,
'Mid the billows' wild commotion,
Trembling souls, your Lord is there,
He will make you still his care.

3 Jesus knows your silent weeping,
When before his cross you bow ;
Never, never is he sleeping,
Where he reigns in glory now.
If the world be dark before thee,
When the billows, rolling o'er thee,
Shall thy soul with terror fill,
Hear him saying, Peace ! be still.

76

P. M.

SORROW SHALL COME AGAIN NO MORE.* BY W. K.

(Written expressly for this work.)

TUNE.—Hard times, come again no more.

WHAT to me are earth's pleasures, and
what its flowing tears,—

What are all the sorrows I deplore ?
There's a song ever swelling—still lingers on
my ears—

Oh ! sorrow shall come again no more.

CHORUS.

'Tis a song from the home of the weary—

Sorrow—sorrow is forever o'er ;

Happy now—ever happy on Canaan's
peaceful shore—

Oh ! sorrow shall come again no more.

2 I seek not earthly glory, nor mingle with
the gay—

I covet not this world's gilded store ;

There are voices now calling, from the bright
realms of day—

Oh ! sorrow shall come again no more.

'Tis a song, &c.

3 Though here I'm sad and drooping, and
weep my life away—

With a lone heart still clinging to the shore ;

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Yet I hear happy voices, which ever seem to
say—

Oh! sorrow shall come again no more.

'Tis a song, &c.

4 'Tis a note that is wafted across the troubled
wave—

'Tis a song that I've heard upon the
shore;—

'Tis a sweet thrilling murmur around the
christian's grave—

Oh! sorrow shall come again no more.

'Tis a song, &c.

77

P. M.

HAPPY IN GOD.

HAPPY is the man who has chosen Wis-
dom's ways,
That measures out his span to his God in
prayer and praise;

His God and his Bible is all that he desires,
For holiness of heart he continually aspires;
In poverty he's happy, for he knows he has
a Friend

That never will forsake him though the world
should have an end.

2 He rises in the morning, with the lark he
tunes his lays,

Then he offers up a tribute to his God in
prayer and praise;

Then to his daily labours he will cheerfully repair
With confidence believing that his God will
answer prayer.

Whatever he engages in, at home or abroad,
His object is to honor and to glorify his God.

3 In sickness, pain, and sorrow, he never will
repine,

While he is drawing nourishment from Christ
the living Vine ;

In deep tribulation he leans on Jesus' breast,
And in his precious promises he finds a quiet
rest ;

For the yoke of God is easy and his burden
always light,

And they'll never make him weary while
Canaan is in sight.

4 The jewels of the earth cannot his affec-
tions win,

For he knows they have a tendency to lead
him into sin ;

He looks beyond old Jordan, he hears the
billows roar,

But he knows he has a mansion on Canaan's
happy shore,

Where the presence of the Lord is the sun-
light of the day,

And the walls are decked with jewels that
never fade away.

5 He hails with joy the morning that rules
the Sabbath round,

And in the courts of Zion he is ever to be found,

His place among his brethren he is ever sure
to fill,

And always ready with them to do his Mas-
ter's will.

He trusts in the Lord, by his mercy and his
love,

He'll be guided through life's pilgrimage tri-
umphantly above.

6 Then, christians, be determined and let us
travel on,

Where storms of persecution and affliction
never come ;

And when these feeble bodies lie mouldering
in the clay,

We'll wear a crown of glory that shall never
fade away.

There we'll shout and sing, Hosannah ! around
the throne of God,

Who purchased our pardon with his most
precious blood !

78

P. M.

MARCHING TO GLORY.

OUR kindred dear to heaven have gone,
They landed safe—we'll follow on ;
Like us they had their cares and fears,
Like us they shed affliction's tears.

2 They had to fight their passage through,
But conquered as we soon shall do ;
Now they are shining bright and fair,
Victorious palms with joy they bear.

3 Safe hous'd in their eternal home,
'They wait till we with songs shall come ;
How happy they from sorrow free !
And such our happiness shall be .

4 How bright the crowns their temples bear !
Like crowns for us are waiting there ;
What robes they wear before the throne !
Such glorious robes shall be our own.

5 What harps of gold they all employ !
Such harps our hands shall strike with joy ;
What notes divine are on their tongues !
We'll raise with them our rapturous songs.

6 How green the fields o'er which they rove !
We'll range with them those fields above ;
'Those hills and vales and groves are fair,
We'll live with them forever there .

7 And oh ! there dwells our one great Friend,
We'll with him endless ages spend ;
Before us he ascended there,
Our heavenly mansion to prepare.

8 And now in one united band,
We're marching forward heart and hand ;
'Though rough the way, 'twill soon be past,
We'll share their blissful home at last.

79

P. M.

CHRISTIAN VICTOR.

HAPPY the spirit released from its clay ;
Happy the soul that goes bounding
away ;
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
Victory ! Victory ! homeward I rise.

2 Many the toils it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trial and wo ;
Many the doubtings it never should sing,
Victory ! Victory ! thus on the wing.

3 There lies the wearisome body at rest,
Closed are its eyelids and quiet its breast ;
But the glad spirit on pinions of light,
Victory ! Victory ! sings in its flight.

4 While we are weeping our friends gone
from earth,
Angels are singing their heavenly birth ;
Welcome, oh welcome, to our happy shore !
Victory ! Victory ! weep ye no more.

5 How could we wish them recall'd from their
home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam ?

Safely they passed from their troubles beneath,
Victory ! Victory ! shouting in death.

6 Then let them slumber till Christ, from the
 skies,
Bids them in glorified bodies arise ;
Singing, as upward they spring from the
 tomb,
Victory ! Victory ! Jesus hath come !

80

D. C. M.

THE DYING BACKSLIDER.*

“GO bring me,” said the dying fair,
 With anguish in her tone,
“My costly robes and jewels here ;
 Go bring them every one.”
They strewed them on her dying bed,
 Those robes of princely cost.
“Father,” with bitterness she said ;
 “For these my soul was lost.

2 “With glorious hopes I once was blest,
 Nor feared the gaping tomb ;

* “Marching to Glory,” “Christian Victor,”
and “The Dying Backslider,” by permission,
from Hunter’s “Minstrels of Zion,” published by
Higgins & Perkinpine, Philadelphia.

With heaven already in my breast,
I looked for heaven to come :
I heard a Saviour's pardoning voice,
My soul was filled with peace :
Father, you bought me with these toys,
I bartered heaven for these.

3 Take them—they are the price of blood,
For these I lost my soul ;
For these must bear the wrath of God,
While ceaseless ages roll :
Remember, when you look on these,
Your daughter's fearful doom,
That she her pride and thine to please,
Went quaking to the tomb.

4 "Go bear them from my sight and touch,
Your gifts I here restore ;
Keep them with care, they cost you much,
They cost your daughter more :
Look at them every rolling year,
Upon my dying day,
And drop for me the burning tear"—
She said, and sank away.

81

P. M.

PARTING HYMN.

BY THE REV. DR. A. MEANS.

HOW swiftly the years of our pilgrimage
fly,
As days, months, and years, roll silently by !

Our days are soon numbered, and Death
sounds our knell ;

We scarce know our friends, till we bid them
farewell—

Till we bid them farewell.

2 The righteous and unrighteous all move
along,

In crowds towards the grave, both the old
and the young :

The good rise to heaven—the bad sink to hell ;

They take on its verge an eternal farewell !

An eternal farewell !

3 O God ! are mankind hastening on to the
tomb ?

Must hard-hearted sinners soon meet their
sad doom ?

Save, save, great Redeemer ! O break the sad
spell—

Forgive, and prepare them to bid earth fare-
well !

To bid earth farewell !

4 To you, fellow christian, I turn with de-
light ;

The grave cannot harm you—your prospects
are bright :

Be faithful and humble, temptations repel,

You'll soon leave the world with a cheerful
farewell—

With a cheerful farewell.

5 We've met here with joy, but, alas ! cannot
stay—

Stern Time bids us part, and we all must
away

To life's busy duties—to buy and to sell ;
But, oh, in yon heaven there's no parting fare-
well !

There's no parting farewell !

6 Farewell, then, my brother ! in body we
part,

But one common Saviour unites us in heart ;
Through his grace we'll conquer the world,
flesh, and hell,

And then bid this earth a triumphant fare-
well !

A triumphant farewell !

7 Farewell to its pains ! Farewell to its cares,
Its thousand misfortunes, temptations, and
snares !

We'll mount on faith's pinions with angels to
dwell,

Where saints never hear the sad parting
farewell !

The sad parting farewell !

8 Farewell, trembling sinner, I'm free from
your blood ;

My message deliver'd, I leave you with God.

I've begg'd and entreated, but dare not compel,
Till the great judgment day I now bid you
farewell !
I now bid you farewell !

82

C. M.

THE CHRISTIAN FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, my brethren, all farewell !
I leave you with the Lord ;
Oh, may you shun the paths of hell
By cleaving to his word !

2 You are most near and dear to me,
I have you in my heart ;
Yet the best friends must sever'd be,
So you and I must part.

3 Although I leave you for awhile,
I'll meet you once again ;
And if it be not in this world,
'Twill be on Canaan's plain.

4 There we shall meet and never part,
And see our glorious King,
With harp in hand we all shall stand,
And Hallelujahs sing.

5 My counsel unto you I give,
'That you do all stand fast
In the sweet doctrine you've received,
Of being saved by grace.

- 6 In holiness of life and word,
And evidence of this,
Walk in the road the Lord hath said,
And you shall never miss.
- 7 For morning clothes put ye on these :
Faith, hope, and charity ;
Next unto this the garment is
The blest humility ;
- 8 The helmet of salvation next,
The sword, the word of God ;
You need not fear, but persevere
To heaven your blest abode.

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